ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
DEC 12 1964
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

THE
Commonweal

What Do We Want In Europe?

William Pfaff

Ronald Steel

Charter for Laymen, 1822

George Traynor

Fear of Immorality

John P. Sisk

VOLUME LXXXI, NO. 13 DECEMBER 18, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGY

Master of Arts Program

JUNE 21—JULY 31, 1965

Courses

Ignatius Hunt, O.S.B. **(Conception Abbey)** — THE THEOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

Piet Fransen, S.J. **(Louvain)**—THE THEOLOGY OF THE SACRAMENTS

Maximilian Zerwick, S.J. **(Pontifical Biblical Institute)**—EPHESIANS

Philip Land, S.J. **(Gregorian University)** — CATHOLIC SOCIAL THOUGHT

John Wright, S.J. **(Alma College)**—THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST

Arthur Swain, S.J. **(University of San Francisco)** —INTRODUCTION TO BIBLICAL GREEK

Seminars

Robert McNally, S.J. **(Woodstock College)**—CATHOLIC LIFE AND THOUGHT ON THE EVE OF THE REFORMATION

Philip Donnelly, S.J. **(Weston College)**—THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE DOGMA OF ORIGINAL SIN

Francis Buckley, S.J. **(University of San Francisco)**—THE SCIENCE AND METHOD OF THEOLOGY

Institutes

July 5—July 16:

Luis Alonso Schokel, S.J. **(Pontifical Biblical Institute)**—THE WORD IN THE CHURCH

July 18—July 30:

Walter Burghardt, S.J. **(Woodstock College)**—THE IMAGE OF GOD IN MAN: GREEK PATRISTIC INSIGHTS

The Summer Session of 1966 will have as lecturers: Barnabus Ahern, C.P.; Cyril Vollert, S.J.; Gerald Van Ackeren, S.J.; Jan Vanneste, S.J.; Eamon Carroll, O. Carm.; Bernard Haring, C.SS.R.; John Huesman, S.J.

For registration and further details address:

REV. ALBERT J. ZABALA, S.J.
Chairman, Department of Theology

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94117

THIS WEEK

EDITORIALS, NEWS AND VIEWS

403 Toward a Responsible Laity
404 Birch Policemen
404 Anti-Climax Dept., Tiara Div.
405 South of the Border
405 Self-Interest and the A.M.A.
406 Segregated Sickness

ARTICLES, FEATURES

407 Conscience and Anti-Communism
by Archbishop Helder Camara
408 Khrushchev and the Italian Communists
by Gunnar D. Kumlien
410 The Pull of the Right
by James O'Gara
411 Our Outdated Vision
by William Pfaff
412 De Gaulle's Deadline
by Ronald Steel
415 The Fear of Immorality
by John P. Sisk
418 Charter for Laymen, 1822
by George Traynor

DEPARTMENTS

421 The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung
422 The Stage
by Wilfrid Sheed
423 Correspondence
425 Books

THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
JAMES O'GARA, *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN, *Associate Editor*
JOHN LEO, *Associate Editor*
PETER STEINFELS, *Editorial Assistant*

PHILIP T. HARTUNG, *Movie Critic*
WILFRID SHEED, *Drama Critic*
JOHN FANDEL, *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT, *Paris*
GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN, *Rome*
J. M. CAMERON, *Great Britain*
JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

Copyright © 1964 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. U.S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Toward a Responsible Laity

IN THE Constitution on the Church (*De Ecclesia*), the Council Fathers stated that the laity are, "by reason of their knowledge, competence or outstanding ability which they may enjoy, permitted and even sometimes obliged to express their opinion on those things which concern the good of the Church. When occasions arise, let this be done through the organs erected by the Church for this purpose." That is a fine passage, the rich fruit of a theology of the laity which has been developing for the past decade.

The only trouble is that there do not yet exist "organs" through which the laity can "express their opinion." To be sure, there are now some dioceses in which the laity serve on school boards and on ecumenical commissions; and there were some lay observers present during the Council. But on the whole there are very few formal ways in which the laity can communicate their views to the bishops. *De Ecclesia* also says, "Let pastors recognize and promote the dignity as well as the responsibility of the laity in the Church. Let them willingly employ their prudent advice. Let them confidently assign duties to them in the service of the Church. . . ." But how are these things to be done in an orderly fashion? Will everything depend upon the informal effort of bishops to fulfill the spirit of the exhortation? Or should "organs" be established which will guarantee that the exhortations of *De Ecclesia* will be honored by concrete action?

We believe that formal methods and institutions must be established to realize the full possibilities of lay responsibility. Informal consultation has been tried and found wanting. Such a method will almost inevitably fail, for it will favor only the cautious, those with "connections" in high places, those who are heavy financial supporters of the Church, or simply those personally known to a pastor or bishop. Nor does informal consultation give the general run of the laity any sense that their intelligence and talents and advice could also be useful; only a happy few are so favored.

IN "Charter for Laymen, 1822" (p. 418), Mr. George Traynor describes the unique effort of Bishop John England of Charleston, S.C., to tap the intelligence of the laity as well as the lower clergy. What Bishop England saw was that only a formal structure would be fully adequate, one which recognized the rights of the laity and provided them with open channels by which they could make their opinions known to the bishop. As remarkable as Bishop England's initiative was, it is no less remarkable that no bishop since his time has seen fit to emulate his example. In Bishop England's diocesan "Constitution" and "Convention," the old world met the new, and the spirit of American institutions was combined with safeguards for the episcopal rights of the bishop. It was an ingenious solution to a problem which has ever stymied the Church.

Allowing, naturally, for differences in detail today, there is no good reason why contemporary American bishops could not follow Bishop England's lead. At the time of his effort there were comparatively few educated laymen; there was nothing in the way of a theology of the layman; there were hardly any lay organizations. The laymen of that day were, in brief, far less prepared for what they were given than would be comparable laymen today.What they did have, presumably, was some experience with parliamentary procedures, constitutionally prescribed rights and duties, and some sense of obligation to the Church. That was quite enough to make Bishop England consider his "Constitution" and "Convention" a success in practice and eminently reasonable in theory.

The great contribution of the American political system is that it has combined responsibility and power, authority and freedom, stability and flex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ibility. American Catholics have learned much from that system, and surely enough to make a judicious use of some of its strengths in the internal ordering of the Church's life. One of these strengths is the participation of the people in the life of the community and the common sharing of responsibility for the good of the whole. That is what the Church also needs. *De Ecclesia* speaks of the "wonderful things" which could be hoped for from a "familiar dialogue" between the laity and their pastors: "in the laity a strengthened sense of personal responsibility, a renewed enthusiasm, a more ready application of their talents . . . The latter, on the other hand, aided by the experience of the laity, can more clearly and incisively come to decisions regarding both spiritual and temporal matters. In this way, the whole Church, strengthened by each one of its members, may more effectively fulfill its mission for the life of the world."

That is a lofty ideal, but by no means an impossible one. All that it requires is a willingness to seek new methods and structures of communication and cooperation, to put aside the fears of the past that the laity would abuse their "rights," to begin at once the necessary period of experimentation. What one bishop could achieve nearly a century and a half ago could be achieved by many now. What once animated one diocese could now animate all. The bishops have only to act.

Birch Policemen

AT FIRST glance, the action taken against police members of the John Birch Society seems an unwarranted intrusion into the area of personal political beliefs. If a policeman can be suspended or otherwise punished for joining the Birch Society, why not a similar punishment one day for joining the Americans for Democratic Action or the NAACP?

But the dilemma is only a paper one. The Birch Society is quite different from the ADA, NAACP or YAF. It is essentially a conspiratorial group, which has consciously modeled its style and operations on the Communist party. Secrecy, cell groups, front groups, burrowing from within—this is what Robert Welch, the ultimate leader, is talking about when he urges his followers to "Get out and talk Russian!"

The right of policemen to join any political group must be balanced against the right of the people to defend the integrity of their law enforcement machinery, and any kind of conspiracy that directs its efforts at police departments is clearly a threat to law and order.

In Santa Ana, Calif., the police chief has dismissed two Bircher police officers because "they were involved in a power play and an attempt to circumvent my power." The chief said the pair had circulated pamphlets questioning his morality, and had harassed him in a variety of ways: unordered merchandise was sent to his home C.O.D., taxis and fire department apparatus were sent to his home during the night. There was also a wave of anonymous predawn phone calls.

John Rousselot, the former congressman who serves as the Birch public relations officer, claims the society has members on the police force of every major city. In Trenton, N.J., sections of a Birch Society tract which calls criticism of police a part of the Communist conspiracy, have turned up in a memorandum from the police chief to his men. Here, as elsewhere, the Birchers are trying to exploit the resentment of complaints against police by civil rights workers, and the police frustration over civil libertarian decisions handed down by the Supreme Court.

We need not put up with this. Activities and associations of individual policemen are already restricted in many ways, in the interests of maintaining a responsible and impartial police force, not to mention public confidence in it, which is crucial. What are the Birchers up to? We do not know, exactly. But we know enough about the Society's attempt to burrow from within in several police departments to require of our policemen that they not join it.

Anti-Climax Dept., Tiara Div.

LIKE MANY others, we were at first surprised to hear that a papal tiara had been given to Cardinal Spellman as a token of the Pope's gratitude for American Catholic generosity toward the destitute of the world. As literalists, we had thought that the tiara would be melted down and the proceeds given to the poor. It never occurred to us that if one symbolic action is good, two are better, and three is best; thus the Pope gave the tiara to the poor; then it was given to Cardinal Spellman; then to the whole American Church. That way no one will be left out.

As for the poor, they will come out fine in the end. By sharing the tiara with all American Catholics, they will be saved from the temptation of selfishness, showing that they too know how to make symbolic gestures. They will have the further satisfaction of knowing that the money which might have been realized from the sale of the tiara will be more than exceeded by the cash which will flow from its nationwide exhibition. If the poor have any sense,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they will recognize a good thing when they see it.

But best of all, the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, destined as the final resting place of the tiara, is conveniently located to the slums of Washington. Since it is well known that one of the worst things about slums is that they are dirty and crowded, a healthy walk to the Shrine, where the air is fresh, the grounds clean, and the space uncluttered, will do the Washington poor a world of good. They will be heartened to know of the Church's symbolic gesture toward them. They will be able to see that gesture before their very eyes, behind glass, unsullied by human hands. And they will count their blessings.

South of the Border

MEXICO presents more in the way of contrast than is usually supplied by the extremes of wealth and poverty in most Latin American countries. It is experiencing a remarkable industrial boom while primitive methods, poor soil, lack of credit, etc. spell deep rural poverty in spite of decades of revolutionary redistribution of the land. Yet Mexico now is actually producing agricultural surpluses. Then there is the contrast between the reputed integrity and devotion to duty of the new President, Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, and the notorious venality of many lesser public officials—also between a one-party regime firmly controlled by an oligarchy and its widespread popular support.

It is hardly surprising that such a land, beset by the desperate problems of nation and people (seven million of whom still do not own a pair of shoes), should follow trade policies calculated to meet national needs. At present tourists from the United States more than make up the country's annual trade deficit. But capital funds are in demand from wherever they may be found abroad to keep up the ten-year stability of the peso, finance the building up of a wide variety of private and government enterprises and social programs. At the moment this involves a rising trade with Communist China, so far in terms of sales of Mexican wheat and cotton surpluses. It also means continued trade with Castro Cuba in the face of Washington's embargo.

All other governments in the Organization of American States have severed diplomatic relations with Cuba. This reflects the leftist or revolutionary character of Mexico's ruling party as well as its determination to pursue a policy signally independent of that of the United States. A rapidly-growing nation of forty million people, watchful lest it be swallowed economically by "the colossus of the north," puts the problem of Pan-American relationships in a striking fashion. Mexico is set on its own independent course, as a fully sovereign nation should be. That it should thrive on its own terms should be a goal of our foreign policy.

Self-Interest and the A.M.A.

THE AMERICAN Medical Association is currently mapping strategy for its battle against the Administration's medicare bill. The Association's efforts are sure to be impressive: they will probably cost over a million dollars and utilize all the resources of some of the smoothest lobbying machinery Washington knows.

The A.M.A. performs invaluable professional services for the medical community. But the Association's reactionary political position cannot be brushed off as an unfortunate accident, peripheral to its real contribution. That the A.M.A.'s politics are reactionary is hardly in doubt. The group is associated with one political faction in the U.S.—faction, not party—to the extent that the present A.M.A. president and nine past presidents were to be found on a Goldwater committee. The president-elect is likewise a Goldwater supporter, as is the head of the Association's powerful lobbying subsidiary, the American Medical Political Action Committee. The small-town philosophy these individuals promote is conveniently married to big business interests. Association officials hold positions in insurance companies. Drug company executives find it sensible to contribute money to the group's lobbying funds. While the Association has branded as "ridiculous" charges that it cooperated with pharmaceutical companies in keeping the cost of drugs up and that its delay in accepting the Surgeon General's report on cancer and smoking was part of an effort to rally the votes of "tobacco congressmen" against medicare, the sad fact remains that the A.M.A. was a follower and not a leader in these campaigns to protect the nation's health.

The A.M.A. is powerful and it is rich; it is not, however, conspiratorial, evil-intentioned, or power-hungry. It is dedicated to the normal task of a pressure group: to protect the position of its members. Unfortunately, the Association's nineteenth-century world-view has made it entirely misinterpret its members' best interests. The practice of medicine and the public's attitude toward it *is* changing in America, whether the A.M.A. likes it or not. The Administration's proposal for health aid to the aged will most likely become law, despite the Association's strenuous opposition. In short, public recognition that health is a social responsibility is swiftly growing, just as public awareness that education

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a social responsibility grew during the first part of the last century. The struggle for public education, however, was led by educators, not painfully fought against by them. And when "socialized" education became a reality, educators and not bureaucrats had a hand in shaping it according to their understanding of educational needs. Doctors might heed this lesson. There are many forms which the public health programs of the future might take, some of them humane and flexible and tailored to the requirements of medical practice, others tailored only to bureaucratic criteria. The longer doctors stay frozen in the A.M.A.'s stance of absolute opposition, the less chance do they have of determining which kind of program will emerge—much to the loss of everyone.

NEWS & VIEWS

Segregated Sickness

DISCRIMINATION in Catholic hospitals varies from one diocese to the next. Virtually all now accept Negro patients, but the majority seem to draw the color line at some point. Secret quotas for Negro patients, all-Negro wards, and the token Negro doctor—prominently displayed as a testament to open-mindedness—are all commonplace. Even in Chicago, a progressive diocese, only one of the twenty-odd Catholic hospitals is totally integrated in medical and nursing staffs, technicians and assignment of beds—and that one hospital is not run by the Archdiocese, but by a religious order.

The picture in the South is predictably dreary. Catholics are few, but their hospital system gives them a potential leverage out of all proportion to their numbers and influence in Southern society. But the leverage isn't being used.

Montgomery, Alabama, for instance, has only a handful of Catholics, but two Catholic hospitals. Their decision to restrict and segregate Negro patients helps mightily to sustain the backward community code. Negroes make up 40 percent of Montgomery's population, but the city's five hospitals allot only 11 percent of the beds for colored patients. If Negroes insist on getting sick in the same proportion as whites, most of them have to take their illnesses to some other town, or stay at home and receive makeshift treatment.

Even more galling than the quota system is the strict segregation. St. Margaret's, which is run by the Daughters of Charity, maintains 25 beds for Negroes in a segregated wing. A good many basic services are not open to Negroes. Only white children are treated in Pediatrics, and no Negro baby is allowed to be born on the premises. "Once they brought a Negro child upstairs for emergency treatment," a Montgomery Catholic said. "But the nurses raised hell and they never tried it again."

The other segregated Catholic hospital is St. Jude's, which, ironically, was founded to serve Negroes. As "The City of St. Jude" it still makes an annual nationwide appeal to Catholics asking support in its apostolate to the Negroes. This apostolate, however, is confined to 59 beds and one floor of the hospital. Most of the beds and services are reserved for whites.

Montgomery's Negroes, led by the Inter-Denominational Ministers' Alliance, have been trying for more than a year to integrate the city's hospitals, with particular attention to St. Jude's and St. Margaret's—the only ones not regarded as hopeless. There has been no pressure, no publicity, no picketing, and no results. The Rev. Herbert Eaton, successor to Martin Luther King at the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, and the Rev. W. J. Powell, head of the Ministers' Alliance, have folders full of elliptical prose from the bishop, the hospital directors, superiors, provincials and mother-generals—all very polite, but all suggesting that the matter be taken up with someone else. The St. Margaret's case was carried all the way to the Daughters of Charity mother-general in Paris who refused even to acknowledge the letters. After three letters and several months, the Ministers' Alliance took a chance and sent a man to Paris to plead the case, but he was not allowed in the door, or even permitted to leave a note. The Sister at the door suggested he go home and write again for an appointment.

The St. Jude's case is even more fascinating. Archbishop Toolen and Father Mullaney, director of the hospital, are currently lobbing the ball back and forth, the Archbishop insisting he can't do anything because the hospital is a separate corporation, and the director insisting that he can't do anything without the Archbishop. The Ministers' Alliance has since discovered that the separate corporation is run by three trustees: the Archbishop (chief trustee) and two priests, one of whom is dead. The Ministers then consulted a canon lawyer and further discovered that the Archbishop is perfectly competent to act under the articles of incorporation, and that in fact Archbishop Shehan of Baltimore integrated his hospitals on his own initiative under similar circumstances.

Archbishop Toolen, who is 78-years-old, is by nature and training a conservative man. His conservatism has been reinforced by an almost all-Irish clergy, and by the prelate's awareness of how Catholicism is regarded in the South. At about the time he took over the diocese, nearly forty years ago, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white man was set free after shooting a priest. A sober lesson, and one he may be pardoned for remembering. His letter to the Ministers' Alliance is filled with glimpses into the Archbishop's sense of Catholic isolation and alienation in the South, including a lament that Negroes are not interested in the Church until they want something from it.

"Irishness" is a major factor. All the top people in the diocese are Irish, as are 56 of the diocese's 57 seminarians. The Archbishop subsidizes Irish seminaries, which, in turn, steer future priests his way. Every summer he spends two or three months in Ireland, vacationing and looking over the future crop of Alabama priests. The root of the "Irish problem" is that as foreigners, the Irish are even less likely than native priests to challenge the local folkways. "One Irish priest was telling me all about the Negro," said one young cleric. "Three months ago, he had never seen a black man in his life, and here he is telling me how docile and immoral all Negroes are."

The performance of the Catholic hospitals is by no means the worst. Between them, the two Montgomery Catholic institutions provide all but 17 of the beds open to Negroes in city hospitals. One of the two now has a Negro intern. But both St. Jude's and St. Margaret's keep the proportion of Negro beds below the proportion of Negroes in the community, and both are strictly segregated.

Both hospitals, and the diocese, now face mass picketing. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference has been quietly training pickets. The Ministers' Alliance is studying a plan to file suit against the hospitals and the Archbishop. If so, at least the Archbishop's sense of isolation will come to an end. His reward for fighting the future may be a long delayed welcome into George Wallace's authentic Alabama.

JOHN LEO

FROM BRAZIL

Conscience and Anti-Communism

A BIRD'S-EYE view of Camaragibe, a suburb of Recife, capital of the State of Pernambuco in Brazil, shows a large four story S-shaped building. It is the regional seminary for the Northeast. Even before the construction is finished in March 1965, the Philosophy and Theology students will occupy it. Their occupancy is in a way symbolic; with the help of God, a new generation of priests for the New Northeast will emerge—an anticipation of the Brazil of tomorrow and of a developed Latin America.

As everybody knows, Brazil has within its own boundaries a developed area, the South, and a developing area, the Northeast and West. As for the North, it is still a world in the process of creation, a page from Genesis. . . . In the Northeast the struggle to break the vicious circle of hunger and misery has to be harder and deeper every day. One frequently hears in the developed countries about human beings living in subhuman conditions. If and when some interest is aroused, it often remains on the theoretical level. Besides, there is the temptation of thinking that this is an exaggerated description, intended merely to arouse emotions. Only when one lives in an underdeveloped country, does the expression "sub-human conditions" become visible and tangible. To live in a sub-human condition means to live in a home which is not a house, to be constantly ill-fed, to be dressed in rags, not to have the slightest guarantee of work, not to enjoy a minimum of education or even of spiritual care. The phrase "two thirds of mankind live in conditions of underdevelopment and hunger," can sound vague and distant. Here, in the Northeast, it means to visit a children's hospital and to find out that in every case a particular disease is always a secondary one. Hunger, a deforming, consuming hunger, is always the first disease. Here in Recife, the capital of the Northeast, it is sufficient to see one *algado* (marshland slum) or the *mocambos* (dry slums) to realize intimately that there are human creatures living more like cactuses than like human beings. When Sister Sourire, the guitar-playing nun from Belgium, sang "*Fleur de Cactus,*" she couldn't imagine that she was singing about the very reality of the Northeast.

In such an underdeveloped region, to proclaim that Communism destroys the human person and freedom, does not have the slightest resonance; these are empty words that the impoverished masses cannot understand. When are the narrow anti-Communists who trust in the police to combat Communism going to understand that they are promoting Communism every time they decry as Communist the attitudes of those who hunger and thirst after justice, and who want to progress beyond paternalism toward a true promotion of men? In the Northeast, anybody who feeds the hungry, who clothes the naked, who improves the slums, who fights illiteracy, who opens orphanages and medical first-aid centers, is received well by everybody, especially by the rich. However, as soon as anybody attempts to *conscientizar* the masses he is immediately singled out as a pro-Communist, or as a dangerous leftist.

Conscientizar means to awaken the people's conscience, to develop their political consciousness. It means to make them realize their conditions of poverty,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the value of team-work and the duty to struggle against injustice and oppression. If Communism didn't exist, the Christian would still be obliged to arouse the political self-awareness of the masses that live in a sub-human condition. To equate this with Communism is to help Communism. To wish to hold back Christians from this task, or even from using this term on the grounds that the Communists are doing the same is to abandon a cause good in itself only because our enemies have adopted it. If Christians refrain from their duty, then when the masses some day become aware of their condition, their revolt against Christianity will be inevitable. It will be impossible to convince them that the Christian's reluctance to *conscientizar* the masses did not stem from a secret compromise with the privileged classes.

WE SHOULD have the courage to face a serious challenge. It is easy to become aware of sub-human conditions, but to correct them is a very complex and courageous task. To bring out into the open the gravity of a situation which it is not possible to control entirely is indeed very risky. There is the danger of arousing the masses and provoking class struggles. For Brazil, at this very moment, there are many young people in prison for this "crime," because the present revolutionary regime interprets such activity as Communistic or as helping Communism.

Admitted, the danger exists. But unfortunately, the rich classes do not give up their privileges without pressure. As far as the landowners, the entrepreneurs, the privileged are concerned, "popular culture" and "basic education" (programs for heightening political consciousness) are words to be proscribed. The masses should be given only a bare minimum of literacy. As far as they are concerned, not only the *Ligas Camponesas* (peasant leagues) but also the rural unions won't have any chance.

What are the anti-Communist forces in Brazil going to do? Will they suffer the illusion of thinking that by taking the leftist leaders away from key positions, they will manage to extirpate the Communist danger from Brazil? Or will they realize that as long as the existing sub-human and unjust conditions persist, the roots of Communism will continue to blossom?

When the primer of the Movement for Basic Education (sponsored by the Bishops of Brazil in the poor areas of the country) was accused of being subversive, the Bishops countered with the statement that what is really subversive is the condition of the rural masses. How can a person actually concerned with the plight of the masses avoid Communist enticements when, as a realist, he knows how few of the privileged class of his countrymen are willing to be concerned? How to act in this delicate situation is an enigma. It must be deciphered, as soon as possible, by all those in Brazil—and throughout Latin America—who have any measure of responsibility and leadership. HELDER CAMARA

(Archbishop Helder Camara is Archbishop of Olinda and Recife, Brazil.)

FROM ITALY

Khrushchev and the Italian Communists

KHRUSHCHEV's fall has come as a blow to Italy's Communists, who consider themselves forerunners of the moderate line for which Khrushchev has been the symbol. The Communist leaders here appear as surprised as everybody else. When a delegation was dispatched to Moscow to collect first-hand information, it returned no wiser than when it left and said so flatly. The Communist press took a strongly critical view of the methods used in the ouster. Some readers have written indignant letters to the editor about the blackening of Khrushchev's name.

Would all this finally have an influence on the faithful Communist voters in Italy, the same voters who had swallowed the Stalinist atrocities and the Hungarian revolt? The first test came in the trade union elections in the Fiat plants of Turin, one of the biggest industrial centers in the country and traditionally a pace-setter among the workers of Italy. The returns were disastrous for the Communists. Votes for their unions decreased by about a third. Municipal elections were to take place all over the country only a few weeks later. Would the Communists lose in the political field as well?

Khrushchev and his fate became the central theme of the campaign among non-Communists. The Communists, who had the most to lose by bringing up the subject, practically ignored him. They concentrated instead on local problems—employment, the Mafia, soaring prices. Communist propaganda was extremely moderate, emphasizing each country's right to follow its own road to socialism. Many political observers thought that the line had been watered down more than ever before. It sounded almost like Social Democracy.

The non-Communist parties squeezed all they could out of the Khrushchev case. Their theme was that Communism hasn't changed, that it is still what it has always been—totalitarian and deceitful. But all this seems to have had little effect on the traditional Communist voters. The Communist party maintained its positions and even made some slight gains here and there, in spite of the odds. Maybe it was precisely because of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

odds—the exaggerated use of the Khrushchev case may have irritated the traditional Communist voters into sticking with the party candidates.

But the whole issue had another aspect of note. It accelerated a moderating trend which has been visible in Italy for years. In Italy, as in France, the Communist party strikes a responsive chord among a large segment of the public; it is not merely a fringe group as in Poland or Hungary, nor a party with only nuisance value as in most countries of Northwestern Europe and North America.

All these Communist parties are proud of their importance in their own right but the "centrifugal tendency" among them is increasing, as the Italian Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti said in his famous will, which has so often been quoted after the fall of Khrushchev. Among the Communist parties of the West, the Italians are doing what the Yugoslavs and the Chinese did within the Communist bloc: they are making their own way. The seeds were there even in Stalin's time, when the Italian party used strikingly moderate language and abstained systematically from attacking religion—a shock to other Communists and leftists all over the world. The Communists in Italy fought Christian Democracy, alleging, not without reason, that it is predominantly a conservative political movement with a religious veneer. At the same time, they refused to collaborate with other leftist groups in introducing divorce or publishing anti-clerical or anti-religious tracts.

This shows that if that trend continues—and there is no reason why it shouldn't—the Communist party in Italy will become more moderate and more independent of Moscow. Even if the other leftist parties in the country, like the Social Democrats and Socialists—both are in the present government and both are violently critical of the methods used to dethrone Khrushchev—do not want to collaborate with the Communist party, the Communists are drifting closer and closer. One day the question may arise as to whether the Communists after all are not "rehabilitated" enough to collaborate in a large leftist coalition, or at least to be tolerated as allies from outside a left-of-center coalition. It would boil down to a sort of Popular Front, but a Popular Front which would have lost its curse by the gradually loosening of contacts with Moscow. It would just be another large stable leftist party, like the Social-Democratic parties or Labor parties in Northern Europe.

THIS WILL not take place within the next few years, but the tendency has been clear and constant throughout the last decade and a half. Moreover, it seems to be confirmed by what happens on the traditionally conservative side, which has been in crisis ever since Christian Democracy opted for "opening to the left." Ever since then, Christian Democracy has been losing voters slowly but consistently both to the left and to the right, to the Social-Democrats and to the Liberals. The latter now appear to be the new center, where the most vigorous forces from the right are gathering, including the great industrial enterprises of the North, which have an enormous financial importance. The Liberals were originally a very small party with a clean record from the past and many outstanding representatives, but it has never had the weight it is rapidly approaching now.

The attitude of the Italian Communists to the Church has paid off. It facilitated Pope John's breakthrough in that direction. The Communist press has followed the third session of the Council with respect and obvious interest, defending the "progressive" cardinals and theologians against the "reactionary" cardinals and theologians, just as any "progressive" Catholic paper might have done.

The third session of the Council coincided with the release of an Italian film which received one of the highest awards at the Film Festival in Venice and which has had a great success ever since. The film sheds fascinating light on the relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the biggest Communist party in the West. It is the *"Gospel According to Saint Matthew"* by the Communist film director Pier Paolo Pasolini—a truly remarkable film, made with non-professional actors mostly from the countryside in Southern Italy, and one refreshingly free of religious cant; at the same time it is very respectful of the historic tradition.

Soon after its appearance in the Italian movie theaters, Pasolini was invited to a Communist party center on the outskirts of Rome so the rank-and-file could put a few questions to him. The place was filled to capacity long before he arrived and latecomers were crowding the stairs. He was asked among other things why he had made a film which had received many Catholic awards and which obviously will stimulate interest in religion. It was quite obvious that the audience was already prepared by the famous will of Togliatti, which practically disavows every form of anti-religious propaganda, but some of the veterans still seemed to think that Comrade Pasolini had gone too far. He explained with great patience that he had mainly been interested in the historical figure of Christ, the Mediterranean setting where the drama of his life had taken place, and the simple fact that Christ had rehabilitated the proletariat, "the least of my brethren." Moreover, he said, we have to keep in mind that religion can be most progressive: it is not true that religion is always reactionary. We have to change our mind on that subject; we have to respect religion as an important phenomenon of our time.

His arguments were widely discussed. As someone said after the meeting, in the old days in Italy, great artists who were public sinners and non-believers celebrated religion in works which powerfully stimulated the religious feeling. Apparently the same thing still happens today.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pull of the Right

"TWENTY-SIX Million Americans Can't Be Wrong!" read the Goldwater post-election bumper stickers. In point of fact twenty-six million Americans can be and were wrong, of course, but the appearance of the slogans on Goldwaterite bumpers indicates the rebirth of right-wing confidence. For sheer nerve you have to hand it to them: they inflicted the worst electoral disaster of modern times on the Republican party, and already they are trying to call their defeat a victory.

What makes them tick, the tried-and-true Goldwaterites? I exclude from this category most of those who supported Senator Goldwater for the Presidency. The biggest part of the twenty-six million who cast their ballots for Goldwater were simply blue ribbon Republicans who could not bring themselves to vote for a Democrat, even Lyndon Johnson. No, I am talking about the true believer, the hard-core men who swear by Goldwater, the ones who attend a Schwarz or Hargis anti-Communist school when the occasion offers or who swallow the Welch dictum that Dwight D. Eisenhower was "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." These are the types that interest me. What makes them tick?

It cannot be easy to be a fully believeing member of the Schwarz or Hargis or John Birch set. Of those Americans who voted for President Johnson, for example, Robert Welch said: "All of these 42 million supposedly responsible adults voted for scrapping the United States Constitution entirely, as an absurd and useless antique; and for replacing it with whatever modernistic pieces of legislative furniture might appeal to the taste of the Supreme Court." Even in a mad world, such political analysis must seem a bit thick.

What attracts the true believers to their weird creeds? What inspires them to fly so blatantly in the face of political rationality? The answer has to be fear—naked fear. Only on this basis can one make sense out of the attraction of groups like the John Birch Society.

The far right-wingers might say yes, they are afraid, they are afraid of Communism. But I cannot accept this answer. Fear of Communism can be a sensible emotion. A combination of Marxist ideology and Soviet and Chinese power confronts Western civilization with its gravest challenge in centuries, perhaps in all history. To win this struggle will take our best efforts, and it is likely that we will not see an end to the struggle in our lifetime. In this situation what is a typical response of the far right-wing?

Military power is not the total answer to the Communist threat, but it is surely part of that answer. But here the right-winger is plagued by a fatal ambivalence. On the one hand he trumpets the ancient war cries of the nationalist, and in his world the Stars and Stripes must fly over all other flags. Yet on the other hand he is always being tempted by the wiles of the isolationist. He wants the United States to have military force beyond that of any other nation, but he wants this at bargain-basement rates. The military must be strengthened but at the same time taxes must be cut—indeed, if he is really a true believer he will call for the outright abolishment of the income tax.

In the light of these positions, can it be said that the far right-wing represents a response to the fear of Communism? I think not. When I contemplate the ideas of the far right about our defense system, I have no doubt that I am more afraid of the reality of Communist power than they are. No, I remain convinced that the people of the far right are not really inspired by fear of Communism and Communist power; rather, these organizations and movements represent simply a general and largely non-rational response to a society that is changing too quickly for them.

In a relatively few decades the face of America and of the world has changed almost beyond belief. Indeed, to the old-line rural or small-town American and to his fearful cousin in the middle-class suburbs, our culture must be changing at a frightening rate. The eternal verities refuse to stay in their fixed position. Negroes lie-in, kneel-in, sit-in—anything to demonstrate that they will be content with second-class status no longer. Jews are "getting in" everywhere, even into the Cabinet and the Supreme Court. Conservative Protestants worry about the growing power of the Roman Catholic Church, and conservative Catholics bemoan Pope John and all the changes brought by the Council: "Even the Mass isn't the same any more."

On the international scene, we say "Boo!" to Castro, but he refuses to go away. The myth of national omnipotence is dead. The Soviet missiles are trained on our cities as ours are trained on theirs, and the Chinese explode their first nuclear device. It is, beyond argument, a fear-inspiring world.

Confronted with all this, how tempting it is to blame everything on some monstrous conspiracy; how tempting to indict everyone else, from the man in the White House to the local librarian; how tempting to huddle together and imagine that the clock of history can be turned back, back, back—perhaps even back to those innocent days before the progressive income tax. It is to these temptations that the far right has succumbed, at the cost of losing touch entirely with contemporary American reality. Why this characteristic should qualify them for leadership positions in the Republican party is beyond me.

JAMES O'GARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Do We Want in Europe?

Our Outdated Vision

WILLIAM PFAFF

THE AFFAIR of the multilateral nuclear force is a controversy of the moment, a single reflection of a great issue: what is Europe to become in the future? Begin by asking what it is that the United States wants of Europe: That it be strong? Europe today has more troops facing Russia than Russia has facing the West. In conventional troops and war potential, Europe is as strong, over all, as Russia. It has two quite respectable nuclear deterrent forces in France and the United Kingdom. To be soundly governed? Europe had no Goldwater running for President this year. To be prosperous? The gold drain is from Fort Knox, not towards it. What then do we want?

America wants something more: we have a vision of what Europe's future should be. It is not a bad vision, although it is an outdated one; but what is important is that this vision is regarded with hostility or indifference by the dominant political forces of contemporary Europe. We have a vision of how Europe should be united. It would be a union with a special and permanent relationship to the United States. In part, this view of ours derives from a mistrust of nationalism which has historical justification, although not as much as we think. In part, it expresses an American distrust of Europe, and particularly of Germany, that has excellent justification in recent history. In part, it expresses fashion or historicism—a faith in the federation of nations as the next higher stage in political mankind. At best it represents a belief, arguable but probably true, that the most promising way we have to restrain war in the world is to extend legal and institutional relationships among peoples, with established methods to contain or mitigate conflict. But in part our insistence upon a special form of European integration derives from an American unwillingness to give up the predominant role we have played in the affairs of Europe since 1945—even a proconsular role.

That is harsh to say. Yet it is self-evident that if defense against the Soviets, or European recovery and stability, or European political balance, were in themselves the objectives of our European policy, we could retire from European affairs today with confidence and a warranted pride. We could commend to Europeans themselves the decision of whether they want political integration—among themselves or with us—and if they want integration whether it is to be according to the conceptions of Jean Monnet or Charles de Gaulle—or Harold Wilson.

Instead we are doing all that is in our considerable power to bring about our kind of future for Europe—and to block another kind. The Europe we want would have no independent nuclear arms. Its major military forces would be under joint command with the United States; and unlike the United States it would have no forces in other theaters. There would be close cooperation between this Europe and America in policy on great world issues, perhaps, eventually, a ceding of sovereignty by both Europe and America to a federation. That, at least, is the vision of many in Washington, and it is not an ignoble vision. But it would preserve American military and political predominance in the European-American relationship for the foreseeable future.

We want this kind of European future so badly that we are deliberately attempting to force a Franco-German break. To block de Gaulle we are attempting to bring down the Franco-German alliance he and Konrad Adenauer established. President de Gaulle now has warned the Germans that to serve as America's "auxiliaries" is to destroy the unity of Europe. We say that a German "special relationship" with the United States will lead to European unity on the terms we favor—after de Gaulle is gone. De Gaulle says that a "European Europe" must be independent of America, friendly but concerned with its own problems, its own essentially European interests which cannot, in the end, be the same as the interests of the United States.

De Gaulle, of course, is right. One need not like this arrogant but brilliant man to understand that there can be no permanent reconciliation of Europe's terrible nationalisms without a Franco-German reconciliation. A Germany tied to the United States is a political anomaly. Temporary alliance is possible, a convenient or necessary measure. But there is no permanent joining of national interests. The United States, after all, can

WILLIAM PFAFF is with the Hudson Institute. He is co-author (with Edmund Stillman) of *The Politics of Hysteria: The Sources of Twentieth Century Conflict* (Harper & Row).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easily live with Germany divided. The United States does not lie on Russia's edge, part of its former territories in Russian occupation. The United States' only fundamental interest in Central Europe is that no war start there. Indeed, putting things coldly, the United States might be better off with Germany and Europe permanently divided, its two halves controlled by foreign powers. Europe, we recall, is a troublesome part of the world. So we return to the question of what the United States wants for Europe.

AS FOR the controversy over the multilateral force, de Gaulle accurately says that independent nuclear deterrent power is, in our world, the mark of an independent great power. We say that it is a bad thing for increasing numbers of states to possess nuclear strike forces. Both we and de Gaulle undoubtedly are right. We regard our own nuclear independence as a good thing, or at least a necessary one; and the MLF is a means by which we would provide our allies with a voice in nuclear planning without relinquishing our control. France prefers to control its own force. This may be disagreeable but it is not hypocrisy. And, contrary to what many wish to believe, the French nuclear force is not an act of self-deception. It is a strategically valid deterrent which no enemy can afford to ignore.

De Gaulle is right if Europe is to be independent—if it is to be "Europe." The Germans know he is right, although they dread being compelled to choose between France and America. Germany still fears its independence, its divisions. Germany is in Central Europe, a neighbor and old enemy to France—it is not in North America. However much the Germans now depend upon the support of American troops and American diplomacy, they know that American troops must eventually go home. And the future, as de Gaulle once remarked, lasts a long time.

We can probably, although not certainly, block Franco-German unity, and for the next few years maintain a "special relationship" with Germany. We can tell ourselves that, after de Gaulle, France will see things our way. But France did not see things our way even before de Gaulle. The French nuclear force was begun under the Fourth Republic, not the Fifth. And the rest of Western Europe does not really see things our way even now.

We can press our view of what Europe should become to the point where we wreck Franco-German reconciliation and drive Germany into that very estrangement from Europe that we—and the Germans, and the rest of the Europeans—most fear. Then, having remade a broken and demoralized Europe after 1945 with the noble measures of the Marshall Plan and NATO, having sustained the great initiative of the Common Market and seen Europe reclaim its pride and autonomy, we can find ourselves in that last act of all heroes who are blinded by hubris. Having refused to recognize the moment of our success, we can end by wrecking the edifice that we did so much to build up. We risk leaving Europe in a worse state than when we found it.

What Do We Want in Europe?

De Gaulle's Deadline

RONALD STEEL

THE U.S. seems likely to become involved in a full-scale battle with some of its European allies at the foreign ministers' conference in Paris this month. Sparring has already begun over the Johnson administration's determination to push full steam ahead on the multilateral nuclear force—a hybrid plan for a fleet of 25 missile-carrying cargo ships. Fearful that Germany will dominate the proposed NATO fleet, Harold Wilson recently told Commons that the MLF "adds nothing to Western strength, is likely to cause dissipation of strength within the alliance, and may add to the difficulties of East-West agreement on proliferation of nuclear weapons." If he cannot persuade President Johnson to scuttle the whole plan, the Prime Minister hopes at least to dilute Germany's lion's share by replacing the MLF with a new NATO nuclear command including Britain's aging V-bombers and nascent Polaris submarine fleet.

Across the Channel, General de Gaulle. who was content to ignore the MLF so long as it seemed an impossibility, has now brought out his big guns against the project. Blasting the proposed NATO navy as a device for assuring American control over the defense

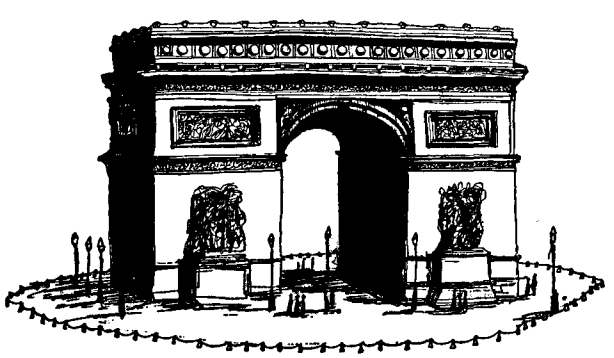
RONALD STEEL, who has written on cultural and international affairs for a number of American journals, is the author of *The End of Alliance* (Viking).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Europe, he has told France's Common Market partners that they must choose between the MLF and a unified Europe—and that one is the enemy of the other. Using the dispute with Germany over European grain prices as a lever to force a delay on the MLF, he has threatened to pull France out of the Common Market—and perhaps even out of NATO—unless the Germans follow a more "pro-European" policy.

GAULLIST pressure has stimulated a reaction even in Germany against the Administration's cherished missile fleet. The so-called German "Gaullists," led by former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, have said that a dispute with France over the MLF could threaten the cohesion of the European community. Adenauer has warned that the MLF must be transformed "in a European direction" lest it lead to the disintegration of Franco-German amity. Opposition has also been growing on the liberal left in Germany where it is feared that the NATO fleet might eventually lead to a national arsenal of German nuclear weapons.

Undeterred by these mounting doubts among the European allies, MLF's advocates in the Johnson administration are pushing ahead with awesome determination to put the nuclear force into operation. The Germans, who all along have had mixed feelings about wading into such deep waters of nuclear involvement, have been made to feel that the MLF has become the test of their loyalty to the U.S. To clear up any doubts about Washington's sentiments, Dean Rusk gave his unofficial blessings to Wayne Hays, the power behind the throne on the House Foreign Affairs committee, who informed a startled Council of Europe at Strasbourg last month that the "recent European impulse for independence" was imperiling close ties with America. Aside from rapping de Gaulle for the usual sins of disobedience, the Ohio congressman even chastized those "neutrals who have been under the NATO umbrella without joining the alliance." However misplaced in the mid-60s, this bit of Dulles sermonizing over the evils of neutralism was one more indication that the U.S. is moving toward a showdown with France over the structure of the Atlantic alliance. Already there is open talk in Washington of



letting the French go their own way and rebuilding NATO under a German-American axis.

WHILE this view has powerful supporters both inside and outside the administration, the feelings of hurt pride from which it stems have yet to receive any echo on the other side of the Atlantic. Obsessed with the desire to restore NATO unity—even if it means reading France out of the alliance and making Germany the dominant military power in Europe—Washington has seriously underestimated the opposition within Europe itself. The British Labor Party, having denounced the project before coming to power, is now desperately trying to find a way of shelving it, or, failing that, of preventing the Germans from dominating it. The French, of course, have boycotted it, along with the Dutch and the Norwegians, while Italy's shaky center-left government is hoping that the whole thing will blow away so that it doesn't have to make a decision. Even within Germany itself—for whose benefit the entire project was presumably devised—there are deep misgivings. Critics of the MLF fear that German participation in the nuclear fleet will shatter any possibility that the Russians might loosen their hold on the eastern zone. Others, like Adenauer and Straus warn against doing anything that might jeopardize the alliance with France. Caught between pressure from the U.S. to demonstrate his loyalty to NATO and warnings from France and the German Gaullists that the future of Europe is at stake, Chancellor Erhard has tried to humor Washington without offending Paris. Despite pressure from the State Department to sign the MLF treaty by the end of this year, he has put off the decision in hopes of avoiding a head-on conflict with de Gaulle that could break up the Common Market.

Alarmed by the gaping cracks within the Atlantic alliance, the Johnson administration hopes that the plaster of the MLF will somehow hold all the crumbling parts together. Admitting that the nuclear fleet is of dubious military value, the State Department is pushing it purely for political ends on the assumption that harmony can be restored to NATO if the allies are introduced to the mysteries of nuclear control. However, even if all the troubles within the alliance can be traced to the U.S. atomic monopoly (which is certainly arguable), it is difficult to see how the MLF is likely to solve them. So long as the U.S. keeps the veto power over the joint fleet, it will do nothing to change the situation which led Britain and France to build their own nuclear deterrents in the first place. If, on the other hand, the U.S. should give up the veto, it would also have to pull out of the joint fleet lest one of the allies press the button and plunge the U.S. into nuclear war. Such U.S. withdrawal would automatically make the Germans—with their lion's share

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the MLF—the strongest nuclear power in Europe. It is doubtful that this is what Washington really wants, but by placing the cohesion of NATO over the quest for a political settlement in Europe, this may well be what we will end up with.

FOR ALL its political naiveté, the MLF does rest on one irrefutable certainty: the alliance is cracking at the seams. This is not the fault of Lyndon Johnson, or of John F. Kennedy, or even of General de Gaulle—but of a world radically different from 1949 when NATO was put into the mould in which it remains frozen today. By the time President Kennedy stood up in the January cold and boldly plotted his "grand design" four years ago, NATO was already crumbling from internal decay. The source of its weakness lay in the very success of its ambitions: the construction of a powerful and self-reliant Western Europe, and a virtual disappearance of the threat of Russian invasion. Even if de Gaulle had never made a vocation of pointing out that the emperor has no clothes, a new relationship had to be hammered out between the U.S. and its European allies. This had to rest on the recognition that Washington could not much longer hope to run the alliance on its own terms, that the vulnerability of America to atomic retaliation by its enemies affected the whole nature of the automatic guarantee to Europe, and that changes in the world power structure might divide the U.S. from its allies just as it opened up areas of cooperation with its adversaries. Slowly, as the wheels of government turn, the Kennedy administration began to move toward an acceptance of these changes. The McNamara strategy of "flexible response," with its demand for a U.S. atomic monopoly as the price Europe must pay for America's vulnerability, and the test-ban treaty of 1962, with the Russo-American agreement to close the nuclear club, were its instruments.

What the Kennedy administration never really faced, and what those who make foreign policy within the Johnson administration seem determined to ignore, is that the disputes within the alliance are a perfectly natural consequence of the detente. When the Russians are threatening, the alliance will hold fast because it is based upon clearly-defined common interests; with the Russian threat diminishing, the allies will go their separate ways because their interests are diverse and sometimes even in conflict. To try to impose political unity upon NATO at a time when the cold-war blocs are breaking up in the East as well as in the West is simply to hasten its demise. The struggle for "national independence" which we hail in Rumania strikes us as heretical when it comes from France, yet the sentiment that inspires it springs from the same source.

If it insists on a showdown with France over the question of the MLF—and the current gloating in Washington over the new German-American arms contract is an ominous indication—the administration may win the battle, but is likely to lose the war. It can push the MLF down Europe's throat, but the price may well be the withdrawal of France from NATO, the disruption of the Common Market, and the destruction of the work of the past two decades for a unified Europe. Come what may, de Gaulle will not abandon his *force de frappe* because it gives France great political leverage on the Continent, and also ensures that she will remain the military equal of Germany. The French atomic force was begun under the Fourth Republic long before de Gaulle came to power, and it is likely to survive his demise. Although the State Department assumes the general is bluffing when he implies he may pull out of NATO—just as it was caught flat on its feet when he vetoed Britain's bid to enter the Common Market—this is to underestimate de Gaulle's determination and the freedom of maneuver he sees open to France. Even as a neutral, France would remain under the U.S. nuclear umbrella—just as Switzerland or India is—because our own interests demand it. Released from NATO, which could not in any case long survive the withdrawal of France, de Gaulle could be expected to seek a separate pact with Moscow for the containment of Germany, the withdrawal of U.S. and Russian troops from the Continent, and to rally an evolving Europe into a neutral force independent of both the American and Russian "hegemonies." It is a dangerous road paved with pitfalls, but if Washington persists in its obsessive pursuit of the MLF, it is one de Gaulle may be driven to.

The curtain is set to rise in Paris in mid-December —nearly two years to the day after the Nassau conference at which Kennedy agreed to supply Britain with Polaris missiles in exchange for pulling Skybolt from under Macmillan. Neither consulted nor invited to this Anglo-American entente, de Gaulle responded six weeks later by slamming the door on Britain at his January 1963 press conference. Another press conference is scheduled for this coming January. Should Washington persists in its plan to isolate France by creating special nuclear links with Germany, it must face the possibility that the General—if painted into a corner which he sees offering no escape from a Europe permanently divided into Russian and American protectorates—might suggest that the time has come for a reversal of alliances and the creation of a Europe open to the East, industrializing China as a counter to Russia, and bidding for the leadership of the Third World.

The stage is set, and unless Lyndon Johnson unveils his long-awaited but still-unseen new initiative in foreign affairs, his administration's attempt to revive NATO could be its *coup de grace.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fear of Immorality

JOHN P. SISK

A FEAR that the moral center of things is about to give way is as natural to the American as suspicion of big government. You can always get an audience in America with a variation on the theme that everything is going to pot: fundamentalists enthral congregations with it; politicians get elected with it; right-wingers extract oil money with it. America is by nature a place where one opens one's morning paper with a combination of anticipation and dread: who, by way of a vicuna coat, a block of stock, an irresistible call girl, is the latest to assault the crumbling citadels of virtue?

Most periods have had their share of commentators who were convinced that they were living in the moral fag-end of things. Even the optimistic Whitman caught a whiff of the Gilded Age and mistook it, at least momentarily, for the Waste Land. It is worth remembering also the extent to which one's sense of the moral tone of one's time is dependent on communication facilities. In the age of Telstar immorality gets a misleadingly good and fast press. We learn about it more quickly, react to it more quickly, experience its public repercussions more quickly. News of immorality is almost the "noise" of modern communication media: the operational racket they create simply in the act of existing as media.

Allowing for these considerations, we are at the moment sufficiently immoral by standards still publicly recognized (however seldomly practiced) to be concerned and afraid. And all men, not only Americans, are afraid of immorality. As individuals men may sin with great gusto or indulge in fantasies of release from moral bonds or define freedom for themselves in terms that oppose current moral norms. But, as sinners in act or fantasy, they depend on a containing moral framework to give structure and security to their lives, much as gangsters depend on a police system to maintain the public order without which their own disorder would be impossible. Immorality rampant points to disorder and chaos; it threatens the freedom of individual sinners. A corrupt establishment is not simply hypocritical when it defers publicly to a moral code it violates in private: the very coherence of things is at stake.

Certainly Americans have ample historical reason for their own fear of immorality. Behind our moral anxiety, and the reforming spirit with which it expresses itself, lies the myth of a Promised Land and of a virginity that must be kept unsullied if the Promised Land is to be entered. To be an American, then, is to be tensed with perfectionism: to be susceptible to exhortations to reach for the ultimate, and to be continually dismayed as effort after effort falls short. Extremes of idealism and cynicism, of exultation and despair, are characteristically found among us cheek-by-jowl. Dreaming of an impossible innocence, we are haunted by intimations of corruption and suffer from a compulsion to unmask it. Thus in a muckraker's paradise we live from crisis to crisis.

And even now, when the American Dream has been secularized and eroticized, we are greatly determined by a traditional morality of rigorous devotion to duty, self-denial, rigid control of impulse and suspicion of sensuous pleasure. Our national sense of well-being, our sense of direction, is conditioned by this sense of being morally on a tight rein. But over the past hundred years, and especially in this century, the morality of self-denial, of frugality and impulse-control, has been undermined by the values that have made possible, and been made possible by, a rising standard of living and the exigencies of the gross national product. The result, as anthropologist Jules Henry has pointed out in *Culture Against Man,* is "the first phase of the psychic revolution of modern times."

THE PRIME AGENT of this revolution, though hardly the cause, is advertising, which attacks powerfully and subversively the old morality and attempts to replace it with an ethic of consumption and impulse-release. The latter can be called a morality because it persuades the consumer with moral imperatives, however disguised: one ought to pass the buck back into circulation, one ought to buy, because more consumption means more production, means more jobs, means a higher standard of living, means a happier and more united people, means a stronger nation and the ultimate triumph of America and the Christian West over the godless Russians, etc.

The subversion of the conventional morality may not have been especially subtle, yet it appears to have taken in some of the admen themselves (to say nothing of their clients), who often speak and write as though they subscribe passionately to the old restrictive, conserving

JOHN P. SISK, a member of the faculty at Gonzaga University, Spokane, writes frequently on literary and cultural subjects for this and other journals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moral order. Actually, of course, the old morality is used against itself through a transvaluation of terms. Note this, for instance, in beer, wine and whiskey advertisements, which make skillful use of symbols identified with the old impulse-inhibiting morality: grass-roots family gatherings, the great out-of-doors, the classics, historical figures and events, traditional decor and architectural settings, and the like.

OF COURSE, other forces were at work subverting the traditional morality long before the modern adman made his appearance. To understand why men fear immorality it is also necessary to understand that at any particular time this fear may be in part a fear of life. Ideally, a moral system, like an artist's discipline, is aimed at the effective utilization and release of available forces. But if some forces are inordinately feared, the over-inhibiting moral system that results may contain the dynamics of its own subversion.

Much of American literature is the record of a subversive attack on conventional morality in the interests of a freer and fuller life. Many of the subversives are the authors of the classics we revere and even proudly associate with our conventional moral system: Emerson, Thoreau, Twain, Whitman, Melville, James—to say nothing of the older twentieth-century writers who have now receded far enough into the past to begin to benefit from the respectability of history.

One of the most familiar figures in our literature is the sensitive young man from the farm, the small town or the slum neighborhood who finds the moral system of his home stifling and so takes to the road, searching for new standards that will make possible a satisfactory release of his life's forces. Characteristically, the release involves a heroic abandonment of the old sexual mores, which are symbolic of all those forces in the conventional morality that stand in the way of self-discovery.

Henry Miller and the more uninhibited Beat writers, around whom the octopus of history has already wrapped a tentacle, seemed not too long ago to be the ultimate in this sort of subversiveness, yet in effect they bizarrely teamed up with Madison Avenue in celebrating an uninhibited release of impulse—a fact that gives some substance to the adman's habit of speaking of himself as a creative person. And indeed, one must concede that advertising is the popular and hyperbolic poetry made out of an indiscriminate yearning to be released to a fuller life—an ambiguous poetry in which it is never quite clear whether sexual release is a symbol of release generally or is itself the ultimate release.

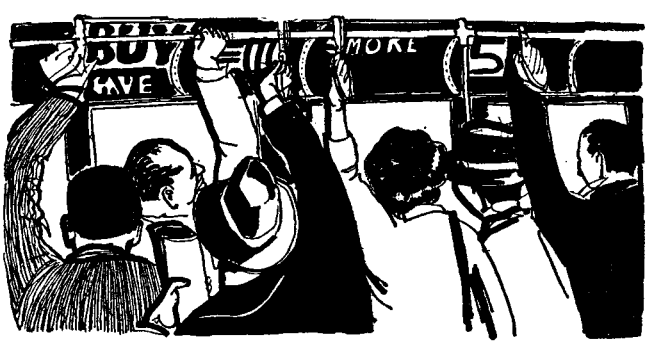
In any event, our moral anxiety is understandable. We have ambivalent feelings about the writer's vision of the released life, and we sense that we are on a dangerously loose rein as, urged on by the advertiser, we consume prodigiously and the gross national product increases. The conventional morality is built into our culture, which means that it is built into our nervous systems, and it dies hard.

A great deal of the anxiety is not even moral in a strict sense; it is an anxiety about security and control. Our fear of our immorality, especially our fear of sexual immorality, expresses our fear of uncontrolled power, our modern sense of living on a powder keg, a fear that underlines the sheer living convenience of what we think of as the conventional morality. Thus while a time of moral anxiety may be a time of blind groping it may just as characteristically be a time of revival movements. Hence a good deal of the nation's energy that is left over after heroic acts of consumption is devoted to pursuing the emotional and psychological comforts of the old morality of impulse control.

One of the important functions of people in high places—in government, religion, law, industry, education and communication—is that of inducing in the public the belief that the conventional morality is still protectively in force, despite the fact that these are often the same people who are instigating or administering forces that subvert it. The burden of the people's moral expectation on people in high places is especially great in America, not only because of the habit of identifying the national well-being with a widely violated code of morality but because the public looks to its leaders to protect it while it indulges itself with affluence.

One of the most effective means an American has for keeping a grip on the conventional morality, and therefore on himself, is his expression of the compulsion to reform according to the patterns of a morally pastoral condition in which the nation's strength is believed to be rooted. Reform, one of the most important means by which a democracy renews itself, is not only a way of correcting real or imagined evils but of relieving moral anxiety by proving in action the relevancy and strength of traditional standards. A catalogue of recent or current targets of the reforming spirit would have all the variety of the American scene itself, and would range from racial discrimination through the mortuary business to the nudity of animals.

Reform can come from the Left or the Right, from liberals or conservatives, from intellectuals or anti-intellectuals. But the most spectacular reform movement at the present time is that of the Radical Right. Its appeal and power cannot be understood apart from the pre-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vailing moral anxiety and the tendency of that anxiety to gather to iself all other anxieties about threats to order and security. In the fundamentalism of the Radical Right the American fear of immorality moves close to panic. The predicament of the Radical Right—and to a degree it is the national predicament—is that in its centers of power it is thoroughly committed to the values and forces that are subverting the conventional restrictive morality upon which it believes itself to be taking a stand. The Radical Right would like an economy of abundance structured with the impulse-denying morality of an economy of scarcity—but then so would a great many of us who think of ourselves as liberal or moderate. We can thank the Radical Right (and books like Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*) for underlining our dilemma.

OUR NATIVE CONVICTION that politics is by nature a corrupt activity does not keep political argument in America from being both an aspect of, and an attempt to relieve, our morally anxious reforming spirit. Contending parties address themselves to one another and to the public in terms of a moral crusade, and vie with one another in their championship of the conventional morality as they condemn each other's moral defections. The rhetoric of the political convention is often indistinguishable from that of a revival meeting. It is generally more effective to accuse an entrenched administration of moral turpitude than of political incompetence (indeed, the two are widely believed synonymous).

Americans often seem incapable of entertaining political ideas or of understanding themselves in terms of differing political commitments unless political issues and facts are assigned places in a conventional moral melodrama. This is the American trait in that very American book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, in which the complex economic, social, political and moral issues of our time are reduced to a heroic conflict between the conservative conscience and the liberal immoralities that offend it. The whole tone of the liberal-conservative debate frequently suggests that of a socio-political Council of Trent. This moralism in our politics (so easily confused with real moral seriousness) may obscure more issues than it clarifies; nevertheless, in this manner politics becomes a device for giving us at least the illusion of being sustained by our moral roots.

But no less important to us now in our efforts to maintain our connections with our moral origins is Russia. In *Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin* former ambassador Kennan has pointed out how our relations with hostile nations are complicated by our practice of reducing such relations to simplistic moral terms. The conflict of West and East, which in our minds is almost hopelessly confused with our fear of the poor, is characteristically conceived as a conflict between the acceptors and rejectors of the conventional morality—in Kennan's terms, a conflict between the center of all virtue and the embodiment of all evil. Russia (whose recent leader reacted to a Hollywood display of flesh exactly as an American raised on the conventional morality might have been expected to) thus becomes the supreme immorality, gathering to itself all those fears that immorality inspires in us. The act of rising to that fear is easily and habitually identified as an act of moral revival and has the exhilarating integrative effect on persons and groups that moral revivals generally have.

To oppose this passionate integration, precarious and deceptive as its basis may be, is to oppose a powerful aggregate of forces. But if it is not opposed we may find in the end that Russia has harmed us less by the threat of her bombs or her rate of economic growth or her territorial expansion than by having encouraged us to play a part with her in an international melodrama in which, conceiving ourselves as crusaders, our faculties for self-criticism atrophy. Our fear of immorality, in other words, belongs at home, and if we examine it closely and honestly enough we may discover what we are really afraid of.

The means we employ to revive in ourselves the comforts of the conventional morality keep us from realizing how much that morality is responsible for our anxiety—and not simply because it induces the anxieties of perfectionism but because of serious flaws in it that time has been revealing. We like to believe that our trouble stems from our defection from the Christian morality that made America great. But in that very belief, expressing as it does an endorsement of something, less for itself, than for its material dividends, we catch a glimpse of the unpleasant truth: that the moral system that helped make America great is much too simply identified as the Christian moral system.

What we define as the conventional morality is, in America, involved with egoistic, anti-social impulses, with a moralized energetic pursuit of material well-being, with an initially strengthening but ultimately crippling conviction of divine election, with the gradual metamorphosis of a Puritan God into the hidden hand of *laissez faire* economics. The conventional morality was oriented to property rather than social justice, to freedom rather than fraternity, to the individual rather than the person. In the conventional morality the "economical" virtues were glorified (frugality replacing charity) with the result not so much that economic life was made more moral as that morality was made to serve economic ends.

Even the economic determinism of the Social Darwinists was argued in moral terms, as though the God who had led us out of the wilderness into the Promised Land was Himself a classical liberal. We see this confusion of morality and economics now in the Radical Right, for whom the income tax is above all a moral outrage. Indeed, the conventional morality has been so "econo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mized" that one's first suspicion about a morally indignant American is not that his sense of social justice has been outraged but that his pocket book or his property rights have been threatened in some way.

THE IRONY of the conventional morality is the prominence it has given to exactly those impulse-denying virtues that, given America's material potential, energy, geographic isolation and technological skill, were bound to result in affluence. But we have discovered that affluence, unlike a Promised Land, is not a terminal state. We can only have it by having continually more of it, which means a progressively greater emphasis on consumption and the virtues of impulse-release. Our trouble, then, is not so much that we have abandoned the conventional morality as that we have stayed with it while it worked out its logic on us.

Thus our moral anxiety, our fear of immorality, goes deeper than the fear that the conventional morality is being abandoned; it is a fear that there may be no salvation in a return to it. We have been living morally on borrowed time, and more and more this fact is forcing itself into the national consciousness. More and more the conditions of the age reveal to us our human involvement with one another and force us to see the terrible impracticality of uncharitableness. The times are trying to make us accept the prescriptions of Christian morality that our conventional morality has habitually de-emphasized or ignored. In the meantime we suffer from a kind of double bad conscience: we feel guilty about the violation of traditional admonitions to inhibit impulse, and we feel guilty about the failure in charity that is institutionalized in the traditional morality we consciously look to for salvation.

Put another way, our problem is one of reconciling living with loving. If living is to be measured by consumption, then loving, which subordinates consumption to a charitable concern for persons, easily appears as a threat to living. But if loving is the only real living, then to refuse loving is the ultimate immorality. The fear of immorality then may be at bottom a fear of both living and loving. The best of our reformers are moving towards this realization; most of the others continue (often quite innocently) to induce the fervors of moral reform in order to hide from themselves the reasons for their anxiety.

A Pattern for Today?

Charter for Laymen, 1822

GEORGE TRAYNOR

IN 1820, a young Irish firebrand with a passion for democracy was appointed to the newly created See of Charleston, S.C. His bishop, the Bishop of Cork, wrote to Rome, "If he has shown any defect, it is in his political activities, which have rendered him obnoxious to the British Government." Ironically, his name was John England, and within a short time he had also "rendered himself obnoxious" to most of his fellow American bishops. During the early years of his tenure as Bishop of Charleston, he wrote to his friend, Archbishop Troy of Dublin, that the only kindness he had received was from Bishop Cheverus of Boston.

Nevertheless, as almost all Catholic historians agree, Dr. England dominated the Catholic Church in America for twenty-two years as no other prelate has ever done. Yet with curious ambiguity, Bishop England is largely ignored by Church historians. The reason, quite simply, is that his ideas and opinions have played almost no part in the development of the American Church.

John England landed in Charleston on December 30, 1820. Within two weeks he issued his first pastoral letter ("*We ourself* have for a long time admired the excellence of your [American] *Constitution,* and been desirous to behold your eagle grow in strength and beauty as his years increased"), and began a visitation of his diocese (North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia). From North Carolina he wrote urging Archbishop Maréchal of Baltimore to call a national council so that the American bishops could act in unison to overcome the serious internal disorders which plagued the infant Church in this country.

The archbishop refused, and in August, 1821, less than eight months after his arrival, England wrote to Maréchal, "I shall endeavour to do the best I can with the means I have and suppose that I was perhaps in error when I thought a Synod could make better regulations than an individual."

GEORGE TRAYNOR is a Catholic writer and historian living in Charleston, South Carolina. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What John England then did became the most famous (or infamous) act of his stormy career. He created a "Constitution of the Roman Catholic Churches of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia." It was adopted by a convention of lay-delegates and clergy on September 25, 1822, and "the outline of the entire, together with some of the most important of its provisions, was laid before the Holy See." But it was not printed until 1826.

USING the proceedings of the Council of Trent as a guide, Bishop England briefly enumerated the basic doctrines of the Church, upheld the authority of the Universal Church both in matters of divine legislation and those of ecclesiastical discipline, and reserved to the bishop of the diocese those powers which are his by right and of necessity as a successor of the Apostles. But all other powers, including, primarily, the right to regulate the temporal affairs of their Church, he reserved to the Catholics of his diocese. This last provision he implemented by establishing a board of elected trustees in each parish or district and an annual convention of elected lay delegates and clergymen.

Reaction to his Constitution was violent, even before it appeared outside of the Diocese of Charleston. No knowedge of Latin is needed to understand what Archbishop Maréchal meant when he wrote to Rome, in 1823, "*Rumor vagatur . . .* D. England *Episcopum Carolopoleos . . . constitutionem democraticam . . .*" and "*hanc constitutionem democraticam non approbent.*"

Bishop Conwell of Philadelphia wrote, "if this Constitution or *democratic* [his italics] method of ruling the Church be approved by the Holy See, it might become necessary to extend it to all the dioceses here, and it would mean the quick collapse of the American Church. The bishop [England] boasts in his newspaper that part of the Constitution had [sic] been sent to Rome for approval, and once that is granted, it will be proposed to trustees all over America, who, with the bishop like a king, and the representatives of the laity and the clergy, each year will discuss ecclesiastical affairs. It is to be hoped that the sanction of the Sacred Congregation [Propaganda] will be withheld from this."

Bishop Conwell was right to assert that any action Bishop England took in his own diocese would have repercussions throughout the country. England had also foreseen this, as he makes quite clear in his correspondence with Archbishop Maréchal urging him to convoke a national synod; but Maréchal refused, even in later years when the Vatican added its promptings to those of the Bishop of Charleston.

Reports of Bishop England's diocesan Constitution reaching the Vatican were uniformly alarming, and in 1825 Cardinal Cappellari, Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, at that time the principal instrument of Vatican policy in the United States, asked Archbishop Maréchal to obtain "secretly" a copy of the Constitution. In August of that same year (1825) the Cardinal-Prefect administered a "severe rebuke" to Dr. England, and a copy of the Cardinal's letter which had been sent to Archbishop Maréchal circulated freely among the American bishops.

BISHOP ENGLAND'S diocesan Constitution is not a radical document, nor does it embody any doctrine or usage "new and unheard of," to use a favorite Vatican phrase. But it may sound heretical to Americans grown accustomed to the peculiar deviations of the Church in this country. England was old enough, or almost old enough, to remember that the people of the several states of the United States had refused to ratify the Constitution of the United States until ten amendments had been added, spelling out the rights of the people as succinctly as the original document defined the authority of the government. And John England took particular care to see that his diocesan Constitution also did both.

In fact, he compared the Church to the United States: "The Portions of our church government are very like those of the government of this Union," he wrote in his preface to the Constitution. "The entire consists of dioceses, the bishop of each of which holds his place, not as the deputy of the Pope, but as a successor to the Apostles; as the governor of each state holds his place not as the deputy of the President, but as vested therewith by the same power which vests the President with his own authority. And as all the states are bound together in one federation, of which the President is the head, so are the diocesses collected into one church, of which the Pope is the head. Each state has power to make its own laws, provided they do not contravene the general Constitution of the United States; so in each diocess there exists the power of legislation, provided the statutes made therein be not incompatible with the faith or general discipline of the Catholic Church. . . ."

Throughout his Constitution England is jealous of the authority of the Church, but he is equally jealous of the rights of the civil government and especially the rights of the laity. It is here that England was (and is) most sharply in conflict with the other American bishops,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then and now. As early as the First Council of Baltimore, in 1829, the other American bishops elected to suppress discord within the Church by assuming total authority, both spiritual and temporal, within their dioceses. England, on the other hand, chose to leave the temporal affairs of his diocese in the hands of the laity because, as he says in the Constitution, "The Church has no divine power of taxation." This singular—unique—position which he took has led one of his biographers to call him "The Apostle to Democracy."

ULTIMATELY, John England was given credit for settling the trustee disputes which lay at the heart of the troubles of the Church in America. They had led to schisms, apostasy, the removal of a bishop (Conwell), and incessant bickering. In the diocese of Charleston the trustees of each parish or district retained title to church property within that parish or district, but *subject to the spiritual authority of the bishop.* The trustees, or vestrymen, of each district were elected by the Catholics of that district, and, the Constitution reads, "The money applicable to the purchase of ground or houses, to the erecting or repairing of churches, the procuring of vestments and other necessaries and ornaments, the enclosing or the repairing of cemeteries, and generally, all money for any church purposes of a particular district shall be expended only by authority of an act of the vestry of that district."

Also, "The property for the general purposes of the church, whether real or of other kind, shall be vested in a board to be called 'The General Trustees of the Roman Catholic Church of the Diocess of Charleston.' This board shall consist of the bishop, as president (*ex officio),* the vicar, as vice president *(ex officio),* five other clergymen, to be chosen by the clergy at the annual convention, and twelve laymen, to be chosen by the house of lay delegates at the annual convention." To the general trustees, the Constitution gave control of diocesan funds and property. It is interesting to note that Bishop England arranged for the laymen on the board to outnumber the clergy, including the bishop, twelve to seven.

The most spectacular provision of the Constitution, and the one attracting most attention, was the annual diocesan convention. The convention was presided over by the bishop and consisted of two legislative bodies, a house of the clergy and a house of lay delegates, the latter to be elected by the members of their respective parishes and districts.

The Constitution specified that the convention have the following powers: "To dispose of the general fund of the church in the way that it may deem most advantageous. To examine into, and to control the expenditures made by its own order or by that of a former convention. To examine into, regulate and control, with the exception of their spiritual concerns, all establishments of its own creation: or which being otherwise created may be regularly subjected to its control. To appoint the lay-officers and servants of such establishments."

There is even an additional provision that, "In those cases where the convention has no authority to act, should either house feel itself called upon by any peculiar circumstances to submit advice, or to present a request to the bishop, he will bestow upon the same the best consideration at the earliest opportunity; and as far as his conscientious obligations will permit, and the welfare of the church will allow, and the honour and glory of Almighty God, in his judgment require, he will endeavour to follow such advice or to agree to such request."

IN GENERAL, Bishop England wrote, "The convention is not to be considered as a portion of the ecclesiastical government of the church; but the two houses are to be considered rather as a body of sage, prudent, and religious counsellors to aid the proper ecclesiastical governor of the church in the discharge of his duty, by their advice and exertions . . ."

By the time of the first provincial council (1829) England's reputation was secure, both in America and in Rome, but a majority of his fellow bishops, led by Maréchal's successor, Archbishop Whitfield (who had been literally forced to call the council by England), would still have nothing to do with his "democratic constitution." The fifth decree of the council provided that no Catholic church was to be built in the United States without being "assigned by written instrument to the bishop." By this single act Whitfield and his supporters not only repudiated England's philosophy but also made it impossible for any American bishop, had he been so inclined, to do what England had done. The archbishop and his followers dared not go too far, however, considering the unparalleled peace and harmony England had brought to the Diocese of Charleston, and they added, "By this decree we do not desire to interfere with the method which the Bishop of Charleston now follows in his diocese."

It was a very small concession, but even so, the priest dispatched to Rome with the proceedings of the council, Father Anthony Kohlmann, took the opportunity to renew the attack upon England and his Constitution. By that time Cardinal Cappellari had discovered what was actually taking place in America, however, and he silenced Father Kohlmann by remarking curtly, "The wonderful tranquillity in the Diocese of Charleston is a proof of the wisdom of its bishop."

The Cardinal-Prefect had become one of England's staunchest supporters. In the fall of 1830 he wrote to Bishop England, "I desire eagerly to confess to your Lordship that the Sacred Congregation has a high opinion of your intelligence, your piety, your learning, and your other admirable qualities. That on August 27, of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the year 1825, certain things were said to you by letter which were a severe rebuke to you, you since know that they must be credited to the reports sent to us by some . . . But I now assure you candidly that it is my wish to relieve you of all the sadness this action may have caused you."

Several months later Cardinal Cappellari became Pope Gregory XVI, and when England arrived in Rome in 1832 he was received with marked attention. John England was, the Holy Father declared, "a most distinguished man, who for many years, by his eloquence and learning and unwearying zeal has defended the cause of the Catholic Church in the vast regions [America] with great advantage to religion." Pope Gregory continued to support the bishop's policies and even display his personal esteem of him until England's death on April 11, 1842.

John England's successor immediately abandoned his "democratic Constitution." Bishop England was the first —and the last—American bishop to incorporate a body of elected lay delegates in the government of his diocese.

John England and his diocesan Constitution will have to be reappraised. Active lay participation in the affairs of the Church has become one of the major concerns of the Second Vatican Council, of the pontiff who first called it, and of the pontiff who has determined to see it through.

A Pantoum for the Sloganeer

My slogans are my keys.
I own all truth, she said.
I thank God on my knees
that truth's kept in my head.

Truth's owned by me, she said.
With my Subjunctive Skills,
the truth's safe in my head.
Of course the letter kills.

But with Subjunctive Skills—
and eke the Passive Verb,
the Epithet that thrills,
that no thought can disturb,

the Epithet, or Blurb,
the Blur, the Blub—it sees
that letters don't disturb
my bunch of little keys.

I thank God on my knees.
He's thanked by me, she said,
for slogans which are keys
I use to lock my head.

SISTER MARY JONATHAN, O.P.

THE SCREEN

Dear Sir or Madame

ALTHOUGH the moviemakers have already presented us with several productions good enough to brighten and stimulate the holiday season ("My Fair Lady," "Seance on a Wet Afternoon," "The Finest Hours," "Mary Poppins") and have a few more ready for release, they are also turning out an odd passel of off-color movies. Led by "The Americanization of Emily" and "To Love," these films seem to be going out of their way to see how far they can go in shocking an audience. Most of them, however, are inept as well as vulgar.

No doubt the most baffling point in connection with "Goodbye, Charlie" is why on earth anyone would think of filming George Axelrod's unpopular 1959 stage play that embarrassed the critics as well as sensation-seeking audiences. Its plot in the movie version written by Harry Kurnitz has actually only one situation: the lecherous Charlie Sorel is killed by the Hollywood producer (Walter Matthau) he is cuckolding and returns to earth in the body of an attractive woman (Debbie Reynolds) but with his highly-masculine lecher mentality. As Charlie's good friend (Tony Curtis) puts it, "Now, instead of pitching, you are catching." Although David Weisbart has given this unpleasant movie a handsome color production, and director Vincente Minnelli has tried to keep the action moving at a fast pace, the picture has little to recommend it. Never allowing us to forget that Charlie is mentally still Charlie although appearing as Debbie who poses as Charlie's widow, the rest of the story is variations on this theme. Financially broke, but impressed with her/his (Debbie's) shapely figure, she/he decides to use it. Should Charlie marry Tony or that wealthy mama's boy (Pat Boone) or have an affair with that movie producer or just blackmail a few of Charlie's former flames? The development of all this becomes little more than an exercise in homo-narcissistic-voyeurism.

EVEN more tasteless and insulting is "Kiss Me, Stupid," the latest effort of Billy Wilder. He strains harder than he did in "The Apartment" and "Irma La Douce" to kid his characters, their foibles, *and* his viewers. The script, which Wilder wrote with I. A. L. Diamond from an Italian play, is about a couple of amateur song-writers in a small western town (Ray Walston as a music teacher, Cliff Osmond as a gas station attendant) who trick Dino (Dean Martin), a popular singer, into spending the night at the teacher's so that he will listen to their songs and, they hope, like and plug them. But the music teacher, being a very jealous man and knowing Dino's reputation for sleeping with a woman every night, sends his wife (Felicia Farr) home to her mother (wonderful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doro Merande) and gets a call girl (Kim Novak) from the Belly-Button Cafe to pose as his wife and be agreeable to Dino. What happens from then on is supposed to be hilariously funny especially when the music teacher, getting sympathetic about the call girl's tough life, throws Dino out and spends the night with her himself; so Dino, unused to sleeping alone, goes to the Belly-Button and moves into Kim's pad where Felicia is sleeping off a drunk. You can see where all this could have descended from an Italian farce. But I'll bet the Italians didn't think up all the *doubles entendres* and risque jokes crowded into "Kiss Me, Stupid." Director Wilder, apparently afraid the audience wouldn't get the jokes, allows his cast to overact to accentuate the vulgarity; and Dean Martin goes too far in his casual portrait. The best scenes are done by Kim and Ray when they develop a genuine respect and affection for each other. The best thing about the whole movie is its title.

WHILE the new James Bond movie is the best of the three made so far, it too has several off-color quips that shove it into adults-only. Its Technicolor photography and production, however, are stunning. And its performances are fine, especially those given by Gert Frobe, as "Goldfinger," the vicious, greedy villain who comes up with a fantastic plot for capturing Fort Knox; Sean Connery, as indomitable Agent 007 assigned to investigate Goldfinger and falls in and out and in and out of his clutches in a manner that even the old cliff-hanger serials wouldn't have dreamed up; Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore, who works for Goldfinger and is able to resist Bond for at least a couple of reels; and Shirley Eaton, whose picture you must have seen by now as the girl painted from head to toe in gold. Not only is "Goldfinger" the best of the Bonds, but it is also the most expensive; and crowded as it is with thrills and fun, will probably earn enough to impress even the keeper of the keys at Fort Knox.

AIMING to be a far-out comedy that will be the last word in zany satires, "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home" falls flat on its face. It has some good ideas for kidding the State Department, and our relations with the Middle East in the script by William Peter Blatty; but the picture tries too hard, and director J. Lee Thompson, over-anxious to make this a laugh riot, let each scene run too long instead of cutting it off as soon as it won its laughs. The story shifts back and forth between Washington and the typical oil-rich desert kingdom of Fawzia. We'd like to get in the good graces of Fawzia, an Arabian Night sort of place ruled by Fawz, the sultan who is over-played in Peter Ustinov's portrait of a childish nut behaving like a trained ape. Arriving at Fawzia are John Goldfarb (Richard Crenna) who lands here by mistake when flying a U-2 to Russia, and a picture magazine photographer (Shirley MacLaine) who sneaked into the sultan's harem to get some shots for her mag. These two thoroughly hate each other, and what happens when Goldfarb chooses Shirley from the sultan's wide selection of companions is mildly amusing; but after while the in-and-out-of-bed stuff with the sultan peeping at the goings-on gets a touch tiresome. So do the harem scenes which are meant to be rather snappy. It's too bad that "John Goldfarb" doesn't really come off. Its makers' intentions are bright enough, but brightness isn't enough. The deft touch is needed—and considerable editing: even the very wacky Fawzia-Notre Dame football game, funny as it is, runs too long. The quick gags, like the good-night-Chet-good-night-David joke, work better.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Stomp, Stomp, Stomp

TWO ITEMS that I wish Broadway would forget for at least a season or two are vitality and Paris.

Vitality can best be defined as the stuff they put in musicals. As soon as a musical plot has been chosen and stripped of complications, the vitality advisor is called in. His task is simply to get everything in an uproar: to keep those dancers pounding round and round the stage, making with the wild cries and the indigenous gestures, and to check that everyone in the brass-section has plenty to do. (For what it's worth, I picture the vitality advisor, or V.A., as a rather hysterical cruise-director, in the off-season.)

This formula must have been electrifying when Agnes De Mille first hit upon it; but by now it has become something of a headache. An evening spent gazing into a tropical flower-bed of costumes and fending off ultra-sonic booms from the pit is almost more trouble than it's worth. Surely, one finds oneself reflecting, some of the groups that musicals are written about (pyjama-makers, say), are not so all-fired vivacious in real life; yet there they all go again, stomping and rolling their eyes, like peasants in a wine-press.

These reflections are the result of a slightly nerve-racked session with "Bajour," a vital musical if ever there was one. "Bajour" looks pretty, has a trim little skeleton of plot, and at least three very funny lines which, it is no reflection on them to say, I forget completely; all it needs is a small infusion of languor to be an altogether satisfying show.

However the V.A. of this one seems to have been in a particularly jumpy mood and the result is too often a nightmare of noise and bustle where plain music and dancing would have done. Vitality is treated here, as elsewhere, as a kind of elixir that can put hair on the most unpromising material—as well as on ma-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terial that the director lacks confidence in. (The vitality advisor is not a real person, of course: it is more like a gland of panic.)

"Bajour" has more right to these tricks than most musicals, because it is about gypsies, a genuinely bizarre and eclectic group; it doesn't matter with gypsies that the folksiness is spurious, a hybrid of Spanish, yiddish and standard Broadway, because gypsies could, so far as most of us know, pick up all those things and more—they are in short perfect subjects for conventional mainstream lustiness.

But they are haunted at every step by all those equally lusty groups that have gone before, the Oklahoma cowboys and the Russian peasants, the ballplayers and, most especially, Leonard Bernstein's little-league mafiosi—in short, all the prancing, stomping folkpeople of the post-Oklahoma musical.

These observations aside, "Bajour" is intelligent, and pleasantly abrasive, without ever catching the highest kind of fire. It is all about one of those gypsy swindles that Joseph Mitchell wrote up in the *New Yorker* a few years back and is as faithful to Mr. Mitchell's blueprint as it has time to be. (The mechanics of bajouring are fascinating: but we only get a rough outline here.)

Herschel Bernardi, as a befuddled gypsy leader, has at least one fine moment with a song that goes "It's a pleasure to do business with an honest man," and Chita Rivera is fiercely energetic and convincing as swindler-in-chief. *(At the Shubert)*

AS FOR PARIS—it has so far claimed at least two more victims in this already middle-aged season. "P.S. I Love You" could not possibly have been so bad if set in another city. Zut alors hein, this is a bad one, my friends. All the relentless gaiety and roguishness of the Anglo-Saxon writing about the French—however, it appears to have closed since I started that sentence, so we'll say no more about it.

"Ben Franklin in Paris" gives a clue as to how all this Paris foolishness started. It seems that Ben was the original American tourist: a grandfather type who still considered himself quite a rip, a heller with the ladies and so on. Unless Paris has had a revolution in the last 150 years or so, the locals know several dozen ways of taking this kind of old gent to the cleaners; but in this rather mild musical, it is he who does most of the taking. Which is how myths are born.

Despite the ou-la-la glorification of what boils down in effect to just a run-of-the-mill dirty old man (I don't know whether this is historically accurate), Ben Franklin's "snuff-colored soul" does show through from time to time; in fact the whole show is sort of snuff-colored. Even in Robert Preston's skillful hands, our hero and his accomplishments, and in fact his whole little ingenious world, are strictly *Reader's Digest.*

One musical number, called "hic, haec, hoc," has pleasantly bibulous overtones of Carl Orff's Carmina Burana. Outside of that, the only positive thing I can say about the show is that it has comparatively little vitality, and some quiet, pastel sets to snooze to, if you have been frazzled by too many musicals lately. *(At the Lunt-Fontanne)* WILFRID SHEED

CORRESPONDENCE

Parochial Schools

Newark, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: In the Oct. 2 COMMONWEAL, Professor John D. Donovan attributes opposition to Mary Perkins Ryan's "Are Parochial Schools the Answer?" to a kind of knee-jerk reaction by clerical and religious reviewers to a perceptive critique of American Catholic parochial schools.

As a non-cleric (and non-religious) who reviewed and strongly attacked the book, might I point out that at least some of the negative reaction could be traced to the simple fact that Mrs. Ryan failed to prove her point. As your own drama critic Wilfrid Sheed pointed out in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, the solution to any failures in our parochial schools is not to close them, but to improve them.

It surely does no good for the cause of intellectualism in American Catholicism to use as one its foundations a book so utterly lacking in logic and—at some points—in simple truth. Just take for example Mrs. Ryan's explanation of why the Faribault-Stillwater plan of linking public and parochial schools failed—in her book, it is blamed almost entirely on a recalcitrant Catholic hierarchy; in point of fact the approval for the plan had barely come from Rome when the anti-Catholic reaction in Minnesota ended the agreements so carefully worked out by Archbishop Ireland.

Then there is her echo of Dr. Conant and Dr. Blanshard that the parochial school is a divisive factor in American life. This fact, if true, would have to be proven by exhaustive sociological research—it cannot be simply passed off as an armchair deduction. My own experience in both city and suburbia is that it is not true, at least in the neighborhoods where I have lived. But I would hardly advance this opinion in so serious a cause as Mrs. Ryan has in her opposite one.

What bothered me most of all, perhaps, about this book and the strong endorsements of it which have consistently appeared before and after its publication in the pages of Commonweal, is the timing. There are presently two major studies being completed on the operation and effects of American Catholic parochial schools. Why not wait for the empirical evidence they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present, criticize it or approve it; why instead prejudge the whole matter on such flimsy evidence as Mrs. Ryan has presented.

The case made by Msgr. Ellis a decade ago was a good one. It was the soundly reasoned opinion of a scholar. The case presented by Mrs. Ryan was shallow at best, meretricious at worst. It is an insult to Msgr. Ellis—whose own biography of Cardinal Gibbons I used to make the point above about the Faribault-Sillwater matter—that his work should be linked to that which produced tremors far beyond its worth this past year.

EDWARD J. GRANT

The Liturgy in English

Madison, Wisc.

TO THE EDITORS: Having just returned from my first experience with the so-called English liturgy, I should like to second all you said a few weeks ago about the desperate need to find a writer of the caliber of Evelyn Waugh to produce a liturgy that is truly in English.

I was especially appalled by the Creed I was expected to recite (*People's Missal Insert*, published by The Friends of the English Liturgy, 749 N. Rush St., Chicago), a literal but poor translation of the Latin, which is ambiguous as well as ugly. "And he became flesh by the Holy Spirit of the Virgin Mary . . ." printed (as it is) without a comma after *Spirit*, certainly must confirm the suspicions of any Protestant reader that Catholics hold heretical views about the role of the Blessed Virgin. A comma would help, but even with a comma the line remains elliptical and unidiomatic. One must mentally expand the line in order to clarify the meaning, and I wonder how many people will ever do this. "And on the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures" is also ambiguous.

Does the passage mean that the Scriptures say He rose on the third day or does it mean that He rose in accordance with what the Scriptures had previously predicted?

It would be interesting but also unnerving, I'm afraid, to ask the members of an average congregation to explicate that line. The word *confess* in "I confess one baptism . . ." also strikes me as difficult for many to grasp. I hate to contemplate the number of years that I spent thinking that saints who are called Confessors were being honored for their efforts in the confessional. As I understand it, *confess* today almost always connotes telling something one would rather keep secret. Were I to say, "I confess I am a Christian," my auditor would surely feel I was just a little ashamed of it. Hence "I confess one baptism . . ." doesn't seem to convey much meaning at all.

Disturbed as I am, I could go on at length, but I know that isn't necessary. My question is: what can be done? Surely those of us who profess to be literate should band together and if necessary organize a lobby to the American bishops to get the writing of the liturgy out of the hands of the well-meaning but unimaginative translators of the present text and into those of skilled literary artists.

The fact that such artists will very likely be laymen *should* be no problem, but I cannot help wondering if this is not the reason why competent men have not already been asked to undertake this task.

ANN T. STRAULMAN

Chionoptera

He holds the secret of his sleep
and dying: much remains unknown.
Still, much has long been thoughtfully
observed. The fragile skin that shields
his gentle umber eye is bronze,

or sapphire, or the delicate
and venous purple of a bruise.
At his throat feathers flush a rose
as evening on the country snow.
Craft of the marrowless, airy

bone that is so light, so
quickly rendered to the stony
earth or to the sea, his forearm
starts more than forty soaring vanes.
All others, for their lesser flight,

bear less than half so much. And he
must tune and prove the thrilling nerve,
sound, master the lofting sinew
binding his breast at the deep keel.
Six days we have seen him rejoice

over the glaucous, shouting sea,
exulting on his alps of air
as though, alone, he created
the swept and spinning atmosphere.
We have seen him in his snowstorm

spring, the long bow of his bones drawn
over sea, seven hundred days
gone beyond the sight of any
landfall, coming down to love.
And the western gale shall have him.

The great rage of the year must blow
him banked away, still helplessly
beating and beating to windward,
and no one shall see him again.
So much of the truth is unknown.

SUZANNE GROSS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Analysis—or Autopsy?—on the Italian Character

The Italians. By Luigi Barzini. Atheneum. $6.95.

by Richard Bimonte

WHILE ITALY was still undergoing throes of transition from a discredited Fascism and a disastrous world war toward something infinitely better (though nobody knew quite what—the Italians least of all), Count Carlo Sforza, in a book assaying his countrymen's modes, manners and morals, declared: "The more we bleat about our past the more we confess our inferiority before the world. We are a living people, full of vitality, sure of our future; why should we allow rhetoricians to represent us as noble decadents?"

Now, after fifteen years, Luigi Barzini, an able journalist and Liberal Member of Parliament from Milan, has produced another analysis (or is it an autopsy?) on the Italian national character, and it might fairly be described as a most unflattering answer to Sforza's question. Barzini, who studied at Columbia University and worked for two New York newspapers before 1930, when he returned to Italy and forced retirement under the *fascisti*, has chosen to write in English. Perhaps he feels a greater compulsion to explain Italians to non-Italians. More likely, he knows Italians well enough to anticipate their reaction to any translation that may be published. It is simply not the sort of book one builds a constituency on.

Italians need no gloss, no explication and, certainly, no psychologizing. Like Popeye, they are what they are and that's all they are. Existence is their essence, but in a sense that Kierkegaard never intended. This has ever been their fatal charm, or so the more inhibited Italophile would have us believe.

True enough, the tourist has for centuries been a willing patsy for the seductions of the sunny south. As early as 1570, Roger Ascham warned that a young English gentleman, without the restraining presence of a "prudent tutor," would quickly fall prey to "popery and filthy living." And as late as 1952, Arthur Laurents in *Time of the Cuckoo* has even a prudent tutor succumb to an extracurricular *amore all'italiana* which—anywhere but among the *gondole*—she knows would be scandal to the jaybirds.

Though its own liberation came late and collapsed all too easily before a Fascism alien to its spirit, Italy, curiously enough, has always been a breeding ground for freedom and self-liberation in others. The sickly, strange Gogol felt infinitely more alive in its sunlight. Goethe, whose practice it was to leave "no petticoat unturned," found greater occasion there to move from bed to verse. Hawthorne tried to make himself leave, but couldn't; Stendahl did, but was happy at the chance to return. A proper Bostonian like Henry Adams found it "beautiful, wonderful, magical" and so did an improper peer like Byron—though they obviously weren't talking about the same thing. Middle-aged Ibsen, who had never quite been able to get his muse into high gear, took one look at St. Peter's and tossed off *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* in record time.

Whatever people have gone there looking for—climate, food, geography, love, ruins, *dolce vita*, tax dodge or God—the protean, richly varied and permissive atmosphere of Italy affords it.

But, as Barzini takes pains to point out, the virtues of his *paesani* are also their vices. With an Italian, nothing exceeds like excess. Where else in the world do they do up their saints like silent movie stars—with too much make-up, too much curl, too much mime? Their rampant individualism has produced over-legislation and under-government of operatic proportions (someone recently estimated that if all taxes on the books were to be collected, they would come to something over 110% of the national income), and a system of enterprise so free it is practically *commedia dell'arte*.

It is, as the cliché has it, a land of contrasts. Mark Twain was not so innocent abroad that he couldn't see it as "one vast museum of magnificence and misery . . . the wretchedest, princeliest land on earth." The obvious fact did not escape him that something must be basically unsound if, in a city like Naples, there were "more princes than policemen." A nation of Casanovas and Cagliostros, their basic talents are self-defeat and self-deception, so that they cannot ultimately be successful even in defeating or deceiving others. Their lives are as pretty and phony as a *trompe l'oeil*.

Barzini unburdens himself in strong terms. The anecdotes make one smile, but their implications set the teeth on edge. Sforza maintained in his book (and Barzini would probably agree) that "of all the great peoples of Europe, the Italians are the most particularist"; but they would quickly part company when the Count goes on to say that "they know how to be so without risk, because time, sorrow and glory have made their unity indestructible." That, in Barzini's book, would constitute as fruity a bit of self-deluding rhetoric as that produced by the rhetoricians Sforza himself inveighs against. It is a prime example of the baroque manner, Italian to the core, which buries a point by over-dressing it.

The Italians' irrepressible theatricalism and attitudinizing, apparent in such things as their compulsively detailed spectacles or the wedding-cake classicism of Rome's Victor Emmanuel Monument, are how they have traditionally sought to sugar-coat life's ugly realities, by defeating nature and extemporizing with the inevitable. All Italian cities look like stage sets and, as Orson Welles once ungraciously observed, there are some fifty million good actors in Italy, the few bad ones being those who work in the theater or films. Such is their baroque formula, says Barzini, not only for accepting as inevitable and immutable the rampant national evils of poverty, igno-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rance, injustice, fear and *miseria*, but also for refashioning them into a lively and genial *modus vivendi*. Their capacity for acceptance may be their method of survival, but they pay an appalling price for it.

Barzini is somewhat guilty of the excessiveness he excoriates. But his view of Italy as a nation of *pagliacci* —laughing on the outside, crying on the inside—contains, like a good many other clichès, a certain amount of shaky truth. (If you don't push it too hard, it won't fall over.)

His more "profound" psycho-historical sallies are open to question, as when he seeks to correlate the triadic architecture of Dante's *Divine Comedy* with the fruit vendor's compulsion to pile up his produce into pretty triangles and other antinatural forms. Or when he attributes Italy's decline, after the popular fashion, to the ill-fated Battle of Fornovo in 1494.

But he is quite incisive and enlightening when he holds forth on the ubiquitous Momism and Madonnism in a land so cockily male, the distinctions between *mafia* and *Mafia*, or on such indigenous concepts as *virtuosismo* (something akin to "making an omelette without eggs"), *garbo* (as indefinable as the film star of the same name), and of every Italian's fondest dream of finding security in the teeth of a rebellious, shifty Nature. This last, called *sistemazione*, was perhaps best defined by a dying Roman father who advised his sons: "Life without an occupation is contemptible and meaningless. But always remember this: you must never allow your occupaion to degenerate into work." The whole point of *dolce far niente* is that it is sweet, not to do nothing, but to be in a position to do nothing.

The peculiar Italian penchant for never letting well enough alone—that rococo urge to gild the lily, stalk leaves, roots and all—is something that Barzini also falls prey to. But when he does overstate his case, he does it consciously and in a civilized manner, with that weary flair so unmistakably—well, *Italian*. But wit does not cancel out despair. The book ends on a bleak note: "The Italian way of life cannot be considered a success . . . It solves no problems. It makes them worse. It would be a success of sorts if at least it made Italians happy. It does not."

Gobbling Culture

The Culture Consumers. By Alvin Toffler. St. Martin's. $5.

by Geoffrey Wagner

IT IS NO fault of the author that one approaches a book with a title —not to mention presentation—like this extremely diffidently today. But the misgivings deepen as "the Vance" himself gets cited and Russell Lynes is glowed over as "a perceptive and good-humored commentator on American mores." Yes—one more mushy chunk of popular sociology, a busy scissors-and-paste job snowing the reader with "statistics" and earnestly emerging with the crashingly obvious. Season after season now this mountain can be counted on to produce a mouse, for—post-Packard—there may be gold in them thar hills and no one wants to miss out on a title like *The Culture Seekers* (or was it *The Status Consumers*?)—especially not if slabs appeared in *Fortune* first and the author, bowing left, right, and center to assists from foundations, is on the Board of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies.

This mouse is all about "from cult to culture." The news is that America used to have a cultural inferiority, but now spends millions on the arts. (Money isn't everything, you know.) *Who* spends millions on the arts? Well, here we come to "findings." Budweiser is the favorite beer of culture-consuming families. And over the pages of figures pours the steady treacle of cliché. Item: "The comfort class is not the rich-rich. Neither is it the poor or middle-income group. It lies halfway between middle and rich-rich." Item: "an educated person without money is more likely to be a culture consumer than a rich person without an education." Item: "Jews, of course, have always been prominent as artists. (Count the number of Jews among the world's finest violinists, for example.)" Item: "It appears that people in higher status jobs not only get more ego-gratification in their work, but seek such gratifications more." Item: "All three elements—creator, disseminator, consumer — stand in what engineers would call a 'feedback' relationship to one another." Item: "The tremendous proliferation of cultural activity around the nation has created, among other things, a great demand for new or improved physical facilities for the arts." Such eye-openers are unending, for of course "Controversy is healthy." It will be a long time before I can read another sentence starting "In 1947 only 30 per cent" or "Gallup has found." There is even an attempt to smother genuine critics of our culture in this pap, like Dwight Macdonald (disliked as an "elitist" but found "insightful"), and Leslie Fiedler ("a more reasonable fellow than his bully-boy writing suggests").

The Culture Consumers means nothing. Its level of perception (sorry,—insightfulness) can be judged by the start of one paragraph: "In literature, Melville, Whitman, Emerson, Hawthorne and Poe flourished in the middle of the last century." Or, when Toffler tumbles into a genuine idea, that of the alienation of the artist, say, he buttresses himself with "educator Harold Taylor," "Poet Karl Shapiro," and Herbert Read. The hoopla about mass literacy ignores shelfloads of studies showing an accompanying decline of reading (see the Leavis books), while Jacques Barzun's article "America's Passion for Culture," more than a decade old by now, says more than all Toffler together. (Of the "culture explosion" which the latter solemnly thinks he has discovered, Barzun wrote, "All this erodes the soil in which artistic perception should grow").

The point is what Gallup *hasn't* found. As a writer in Paul Krassner's *The Realist* has just put it: "There is a theory abroad in the republic that because more people buy books (but what kind and whether they read them or not is another thing) . . . that because more music is played, more records are sold, more money is paid for theatre tickets . . . that some mysterious thing called the cultural level of the country is going up.

"Nobody can say 'nay' because

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who knows what a cultural level is?"

The appalling thing about the Pop Soc phenomenon is, finally, that it is so well-intentioned. All the courage and style of this country, whose idealism is secretly envied by all, gets rationalized away, reduced to so much plastic. A grey world in which "projects" substitute for vision, and "mores" for the libido. I suggest that the next survey in this series (financed by the Ford Foundation, of course) should be called *The Toffers,* Or How to Kill the American Dream with Kindness. Although "good humored," it will be a study of "non-insightfulness."

The Presidency

The Chief Executive. By Louis W. Koenig. Harcourt. $9.50.

by Paul Timothy Gorman

BY NOW there has developed a rather large bibliography dealing with the inadequacies of contemporary American political institutions. The conclusions of these studies are, at present, more or less in the intellectual public domain. That is, we all somehow know that the Presidency is "paralyzed," the Congress "reactionary," the executive departments "clumsy" and so on. This knowledge should not be belittled. It has set the tone for a particular moment in the argument about American democracy.

How one ends up feeling about Louis Koenig's new study of the Presidency is largely a function of how one feels about our current discussion of America's institutional malaise.

If, for example, still another declaration of deficiencies is thought to be in order, then Mr. Koenig's book will probably be welcomed as "definitive." Though it tells us nothing really new about the contemporary Presidency, it can fairly be argued that a synthesis of Rossiter, Hyman, Neustadt and others has been in order for some time. Beyond this, however, *The Chief Executive* is a skillful job. The author is in control of a great deal of historical material. His prose is comfortable, his documentation relevant and enlightening. He provides a wealth of lively anecdotes which succeed in the difficult task of communicating the moods of a complex political institution. His thesis, that America needs a stronger Presidency, is forthright and duly liberal.

His argument, as far as it goes, makes a strong case. Our President *is* frustrated. Koenig tells us how and where. As party chief, the President is restricted by the decentralized structure of our two-party system and by the natural limitations of pure partisanship. As legislative leader, he is continually challenged by a Congress preoccupied with its own status and mystique. As head administrator, the President must cope with the lethargy of bureaucracy and the intrusions of Congress. He is similarly constricted in his roles as chief diplomat, commander-in-chief, director of the economy and so on.

By developing a syllabus of Presidential weakness, then, *The Chief Executive* serves a useful function as a kind of textbook on the Presidency at mid-century. There are those, however, for whom this book will be not at all helpful—people who have, by now, a right to be dissatisfied with "definitive" studies of this kind. Mr. Koenig's shortcomings are those which have characterized a good deal of recent academic muckraking.

In perfecting his skills as an historian of the Presidency, Mr. Koenig has lost his balance as a political scientist. His view from the White House is so intense and intensive that it quickly becomes insular. The conservative enemy—Congress, executive bureaucracy, and political parties—collaborates to frustrate the Presidency, which Mr. Koenig often speaks of as if it were somehow intrinsically liberal. The author knows where these institutions obstruct but he seems to have forgotten where they fit in.

This not-too-well-hidden impatience with the overall structure of American government has curious sources. The book all too often becomes a declaration of the current liberal predicament rather than an investigation of a political institution. That is, Mr. Koenig's impatience leads him on to designate our dif-

PONCE INSTITUTE

for Intercultural Communication

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF PUERTO RICO

Ponce, Puerto Rico

Spring Session

January 12-April 30

Accredited course includes intensive study of Spanish language, Spanish culture, Apostolic methods, Area studies, Theology of Missions, field work. For religious and laity in preparation for work in Latin America.

Sponsors: CARDINAL LANDAZURI RICKETTS, Lima; BISHOP APONTE MARTINEZ, Ponce; BISHOP LARRAIN, Talca; BISHOP GUTIERREZ GRANIER, La Paz.

Lecturers: MSGR. JOSEPH GREMILLION; FATHERS LOUIS LUZBETAK, S.V.D.; EDWARD BERBUSSE, S.J.; CHARLES FRANKENHOFF, S.J.; BENJAMIN NUNEZ; DR. RENE TAYLOR; MR. FRED WALE.

Tuition, board, materials, field trips: priests, $750; brothers, sisters, laymen, $700. *Write:*

REV. JAMES S. STEFANIAK, M.M.
Director

PONCE INSTITUTE

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

Ponce, Puerto Rico 00732

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ficulties as being necessarily structural when many, in fact, might well be circumstantial. There are, after all, social and political changes at work which could put our institutions in a very different light indeed. A more urban-based liberal House majority, for example, could become the source of the legislation so dear to Mr. Koenig's heart. The President—certainly if a Republican, but conceivably a Democrat—might then be the prime source of obstruction. It is not so much that the author is unaware of such possibilities; yet he seems reluctant to relate them to our present and future institutional situation. His book, therefore, may end up, like so many others of its kind, more topical than definitive.

More important, however, is Mr. Koenig's refusal or inability to ask radical questions. Beneath every major institutional confusion before this country is a fundamental theoretical issue. Progressive legislation introduced by the Executive is held up by a conservative Congress. What does this imply about government based on the separation of powers? The President runs on a platform which a large section of his party often chooses to ignore. What does this say about our two-party system? Congress often restricts administrative independence by snooping about the executive departments. How do we insure democratic review of administration and simultaneously promote bureaucratic initiative? And who really represents the people?

These are not issues that a reader should have to extrapolate from a work seeking to be definitive. These are the very problems that should be under scrutiny. What does Mr. Koenig have to say about them? Directly, almost nothing. Indirectly, only enough to leave a reader impatient and disappointed with a book which otherwise is solid, suggestive and entertaining.

Is it fair to blame Mr. Koenig for choosing to write one book, historical and based on case studies, rather than another book, theoretical and more openly speculative? It is fair, if we can learn to accept that there are no longer two books. There ought now to be only one book—a book which locates our problems in the theory as well as in the conduct of our government, a book which treats American institutions as organically related in purpose and suffering from common confusions, a book, in short, which Mr. Koenig and others have chosen not to write, but which they and we could profit from reading.

Solving the Poverty Crisis

Poverty in Plenty. Edited by George H. Dunne, S.J. P. J. Kenedy. $3.95.

by Todd Gitlin

THIS SKINNY VOLUME—142 pp.—is a survey of how knowledgeable people in academia, government, and the halls of liberalism are currently thinking about poverty and its elimination. The imprimatur of Sargent Shriver, who contributes a foreword, marks it as a manual for the Administration's "war on poverty." The seven articles are brief revisions of papers and remarks originally given at Georgetown University's 175th Anniversary Conference.

For the sake of convenience and at the risk of oversimplification, I divide the authors into two categories: the Liberal-Welfare group (Wilbur Cohen, Oscar Ornati, Leon Keyserling, and Gunnar Myrdal), and the New-Order group (Michael Harrington, Dwight MacDonald, and Robert Theobald). But while the groups are at odds concerning the nature and import of the problem, the implicit kernel of agreement is more striking than are the disputes. In this case as with, say, the recent presidential campaign, what is omitted is more significant than what actually takes place.

The Liberal-Welfare group tend to see Amerian poverty today as an unfortunate rotten apple in a generally sound barrel. While Ornati, Keyserling, and Myrdal all in some degree adopt angry and impatient tones, they end up agreeing with Cohen (who is Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) that "raising every individual and family now living at below-subsistence levels to at least a level of subsistence could be accomplished without any basic changes in our economic system."

Of course, it all depends what you consider "basic." Keyserling, for example, might take umbrage at being thought conservative, for he vehemently condemns the balanced budget and insists that massive well-planned public expenditures are necessary to generate the economic growth that can create jobs and ultimately eliminate poverty. But Keynes is not so embattled as Keyserling would have him, and the principles of public works, retraining, aid to education, medical care, and mental health are *in the process of* being generally accepted by national policy-makers.

This is not to say that the acceptance is total, or that principle inevitably dictates policy; but rather that public works and expanded social services are becoming well entrenched in the physical and intellectual landscape, so that their expansion—while urgently needed—does not require the intellectual revolution-of-sorts liberals like to imagine. The question here is no longer whether, but how much—an important question, but a much different one.

These four gentlemen are by no means unanimous in their analyses, though their recommendations look like the same pack shuffled in different ways. Ornati, for example, sees the poor as distinct from "the rest of us" primarily because "they lack the personal assets which produce income." Keyserling sees them as people who get the short end simply because the stick isn't long enough. (Someone has to suffer because economic growth isn't fast enough; it happens to be the poor.) Myrdal rates automation a more significant agent than the other three. But the proposed solutions are various assortments of public works, retraining, slum clearance, improved transport, day-care centers, public housing, health and recreation programs, tax "improvements," more labor mobility, better education and educational facilities, a higher minimum wage.

Here too there are disagreements—or what would better be called

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different shadings of emphasis. Cohen wants the whole grab-bag but does not specify the tax reforms he would like to see. Ornati is most concerned with education, Keyserling with planned faster economic growth (which he sees leading by definition to the elimination of poverty), and secondarily with bettering the kinds of services and welfare measures Cohen talks about. Myrdal thinks there is merit in Keyserling's thesis as well as in the argument of those who see poverty and unemployment as structural to the private economy, and urges job-creating expenditure by government.

The notion of public planning for public welfare is implicit or explicit in each of these presentations, for which we can be thankful; the sooner all those expanded services are legislated, the better. I wonder, though, how Keyserling in particular would look at the job-creating potential of public works given the fact that construction production has increased sharply since 1957 while construction employment has fallen by over a quarter. That this type of question is not broached—let alone answered—in *Poverty in Plenty* is one indication that the book is at once too short and too sweeping.

The Liberal-Welfare group, then, see poverty as intolerable in an era of abundance; the New-Order group hold different views of the nature of that abundance and the meaning of the exception. Robert Theobald tersely argues the thesis of his *Free Men and Free Markets*: that the onslaught of automation (or cybernation) makes most work obsolete, and thus that income for all must be severed from work and guaranteed by government. For Theobald, present-day unemployment foreshadows the new order of things, and cannot—should not—be treated simply as an economic epiphenomenon. Stating his debt to Theobald, MacDonald insists (much too sketchily) that "hard-core" poverty is untouched by the economic cycle, and that "we will have to do something directly for the poor."

I include Harrington in the New-Order group not because his proposed economic remedies differ from Cohen-Ornati-Keyserling-Myrdal but rather because his political reading of the situation differs from theirs. Whereas Keyserling lays the blame for recalcitrance with fuddy-duddy Executive economics, Harrington names other enemies. His examples include the AMA, the Farm Bureau, "tax-cut conservatives," "certain elements of the business community," racists, real estate lobbies, and especially the Dixiecrat-Republican Congressional coalition which has long blocked welfare legislation. He advocates an alignment of trade unions, liberals, Negroes, and the better churches to cleanse the Democratic Party and thus clear the way for national planning. And, like Keyserling and Myrdal, he sees in governmental redistribution of income one *sine qua non* for the elimination of poverty—for, after all, one of the reasons the poor are that way is lack of money.

The remarkable consensus implicit in all seven articles is that there is a "we" and a "poor," and that the "we" must plan the modest triumph of the poor. It was Michael Harrington himself who first called the poor "invisible"—hidden from expressways, clustered in "pockets," clothed much like "us." But they are also invisible in this volume—their statistics are there, but not their voices.

No poor people attend Georgetown University Conferences or get admitted to debates on their own destiny. They have been "recognized" but not consulted, planned *for* but not *with*. They remain politically voiceless and unorganized. One wonders, then, why the current "war on poverty" should succeed where others have failed. Harrington mentions the urban renewal debacle, generated by a 1949 Housing Act passed presumably with all good intentions. Just as "redevelopment" plans have been the creatures of downtown business interests seeking to lure the middle class back from the suburbs; and low income public housing dehumanized and indeed totalitarian—so will *any* grand poverty battle plan fail if there are not armies of the poor to prosecute it. Labor legislation needed a labor movement; civil rights legislation needed a civil rights movement. . . . The efforts of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in the South and of Stu-

NO PRIEST TO SAY MASS!

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is seldom, or never said in many parts of the world, including the United States. Many of God's people are deprived of their obligation to worship Him because there are not enough priests.

Help fill the need, become a

Pallottine Priest or Brother *Pioneers of Modern Catholic Action*

East: 309 N. Paca St., Baltimore, Md. 21201
Mid-West: 5810 Cottage Grove Rd., Madison, Wisc. 53716
West: 2305 Main St., Lubbock, Texas

Dear Director of Vocations: I am interested in the Pallottines. I want to be a
☐ Priest ☐ Brother
Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone No. _____ Grade _____
☐ High School Graduate ☐ College Graduate (V6)

Overseas Jobs

Catholic men, U.S. Citizens, needed as Directors, Assistants and Trainees, for Welfare Programs in Africa, Latin America and Asia. College graduates, minimum age 25, preferably knowledge of French, Spanish, Portuguese.

Send curriculum vitae including marital status and present salary to:

Box 1211, The Commonweal

Give
The Commonweal
for Christmas

One subscription, $8.00 a year
Each additional subscription (or each additional year), $6.50

Foreign postage, $2 a year extra.

Your own new or renewal may be included at these rates.

See order form on back cover.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make The Commonweal Available in Your Parish!

The Commonweal is edited by journalists who are Catholics. The magazine is primarily concerned with the temporal order, the specific province of the layman, and it is published for those who are seriously interested in making their thinking on temporal questions conform to their spiritual commitments.

As Catholics, the editors of The Commonweal look for guidance to the social and political principles which are to be found in the papal encyclicals. Obviously, these are general principles and not specific directions. How to apply these principles with wisdom and political prudence is a subject upon which Catholics will properly disagree. But it has been our contention that the principles are not meant to be wrapped up in pretty words and then put aside. Some applications are obvious.

To make more widely available the comment on current issues presented each week in the only national weekly journal of opinion edited by Catholic laymen, The Commonweal has a special church door plan. This arrangement is simple, economical and convenient.

- Special discounts on the single copy price of 25 cents on bundle orders for church door sale and parish study groups.
- Billing at the rate of only 16 cents a copy every three months. Unsold copies need not be paid for or returned but are deducted before remitting at this wholesale rate.
- 3 to 6 copies each week make a good start. Orders may be increased or decreased, or terminated, at any time.
- Make copies of The Commonweal available at your parish rack or distribution center by sending your consignment order to:

Miss Irene Okapal

The Commonweal

232 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y. 10016

dents for a Democratic Society in the North to catalyze community movements of the poor will bear watching. Although even the organization of the poor will not suffice, upon it all else hinges.

Interestingly, the one contributor who does speak to this need is—Sargent Shriver. In his Foreward, the head of the "war on poverty" speaks with sense and feeling of the democratic imperative of any successful effort: "At the heart of the poverty program lies a new form of dialogue between the poor and the rest of this society. . . . This is not to be a dialogue of manipulation, a new form of master-servant relationship, or worse still, a covert form of unilateral action which treats the poor as inanimate objects to be shaped in the image of the middle class. . . . [There] is a legislative, an ethical, and (for those of us involved in the program) a personal commitment to insure that the poor themselves actively participate in the planning, implementation, and administration of these programs."

Pity, then, that the only poor people allowed near the designing of "community action" antipoverty programs are the janitors.

Recording Camera

The Erasers. By Alain Robbe-Grillet. Grove Press. $4.95.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

IT IS EASY to see from his novels why Alain Robbe-Grillet had inevitably to choose the camera as a superior instrument for recording his non-verbal-objects view of reality. This is especially observable in *The Erasers,* Robbe-Grillet's first novel, and only now published in an English version some eleven years later.

Claude Mauriac had earlier claimed for this book "a revolution in the novel more radical than Romanticism and Naturalism were in their time." The claim, I think, is excessive as well as historically unsound. It implies, certainly, a sense of dissociation from explorative works already available in Samuel Beckett, for example, Claude Simon, and Nathalie Sarraute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than this, perhaps, it would seem germane—in speaking of any work of creative art which aims to question the structure of reality—to place its philosophic derivative in some sort of plausible context. The philosophic derivative of *The Erasers*, then, may be found in the General Semantics of Alfred Count Korzybski. Robbe-Grillet's world, unlike that of his contemporary, Sartre, is not filled with words (chiefly his own) but with non-verbal objects.

Such a world, of course, is non-Aristotelian (the world of null-A); it is also non-Freudian and altogether anti-metaphysical. Any film, for instance, which simply shows pieces of furniture uncluttered with the inner worlds of those who use them, must necessarily come closer to the structure of the real world than any novel could possibly indicate, etc. Or, as Claude Mauriac says, "On the screen, any chair photographed by any cameraman easily becomes Van Gogh's chair."

What is slightly odd about this sentence, and probably just about as unintentional, is that it gives the primacy of creative reality to Van Gogh's chair. For the plain fact is, of course, that there is no chair in the world like Van Gogh's chair. Robbe-Grillet may so describe the closing of a drawbridge as to satisfy the most precise requirements of its original designer, but it is not more real to us, surely, than Van Gogh's bridge at Arles.

You begin to wonder, after pages of minute description of tomatoes, fingers, and the interior display of this or that post office, why Robbe-Grillet did not in fact substitute all this with simple photographs at the appropriate places. Add stage directions and set descriptions and you would have a fair copy of the book that Robbe-Grillet is trying to "write." The paradox is, of course, that the "author" is entirely verbose in attempting to create a non-verbal world.

In any case, it doesn't take much rigging by Robbe-Grillet to show that in this world of real objects—things out there—man is his own greatest stumbling block. He is the fiction, a body-spasm of electrons which now and then emits a series of more or less "irrelevant" dialogue. The experience of man with the world is really no encounter at all, but the curious construction of separate and all but isolated myths.

The special agent, Wallas, sent from Paris to investigate a murder in the provinces, is a man on the search for new erasers—although not very much has been made of this—in order to make new starts from errors which must beset and bemuse any subjective view of the universe. The trouble is that Wallas himself is the biggest bungler of all, as a fetish for fresh erasers might well indicate.

The Erasers is a first-rate mystery novel—make no mistake about that—but Erle Stanley Gardner fans, if they get around to reading it at all, are going to get caught with their clues down. The time syndrome alone—who fired what revolver at whom between 7:30 p.m., October 26 and 7:30 p.m., October 27?—is enough to shatter the face dial on Perry Mason's watch forever. The mass-cult mystery reader would be far better off, no doubt, to take in several viewings of, say, "Last Year at Marienbad" for basic detection training.

Seriously, too, I can think of no better initiation into Robbe-Grillet's world of plastic cohesion and human disorientation than the recent TV film—made in France, by the way—of Ambrose Bierce's "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." It is one of the untoward revelations in Robbe-Grillets film- and novel-making, perhaps, that they portray the dilemma of a world from which man has stripped the last vestige of the sacramental nature of things. At least he has to see the world clearly before he can see what it is all in all.

REVIEWERS

Richard Bimonte is a writer living in New York.

Geoffrey Wagner is the author of *The Asphalt Campus* (Macmillan).

Paul Timothy Gorman is on the staff of a political analysis institute in Washington.

Todd Gitlin is Coordinator of the Peace Research and Education Project in Ann Arbor.

Thomas P. McDonnell edited *A Thomas Merton Reader* (Harcourt, Brace).

Which size Savings Bond you should buy...and why

1. Starter size for steady savers. Small enough to be habit-forming; big enough to count up fast. Ideal gift. Worth $25 at maturity; sells for only **$18.75.**

2. Increasingly popular size and very big with Payroll Savers. Only $9 weekly buys one a month comfortably. Worth $50 at maturity; sells for only **$37.50.**

3. *Brand-new* size. For people who want to buy more than a $50 Bond but not quite a $100 one. It's worth $75 when it matures in 7¾ years. Sells for just **$56.25.**

4. If you're in a hurry to build up savings, this one's tailor-made. Buy one a month for 5 years and you'll have $4,856. Each is worth $100 at maturity; sells for only **$75.**

Actually there are 8 denominations, but all U. S. Savings Bonds have these things in common: They're replaceable in case of loss. You can get your money when you need it. They return $4 at maturity for every $3. Buy the ones that fit your budget—at your bank, or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

Help yourself while you help your country

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

This advertising is donated by The Advertising Council and this magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Commonweal for Christmas

The best of many reasons for sending Christmas gift subscriptions of The Commonweal is the full year of stimulating reading it will bring to friends and relatives. Recipients of so thoughtful a gift will be enabled to keep informed on major American and world developments. They will enjoy perceptive comment on such issues as our national struggle for civil rights and racial justice, the new domestic political prospect, aid to education, progress in underdeveloped lands, arms controls and the cold war.

The Layman and the Ecumenical Council

As the only American weekly journal of opinion edited by Catholic laymen (now 40 years old) The Commonweal has especially pertinent things to say about the status of the Vatican Council, particularly in regard to new developments on the layman's role. The interpretive articles of such regular contributors as Gregory Baum, Robert McAfee Brown and John Cogley will continue to be extremely illuminating.

Literature and the Arts

In addition, The Commonweal keeps its readers abreast on a wide range of cultural matters through its critical reviews of current books and its comment on plays and movies by Wilfrid Sheed and Philip T. Hartung. And the good reading provided by its frequent articles on contemporary writing—novels, plays, poetry, criticism—makes it an unusually welcome gift.

Special Christmas Rates: 1 Subscription, $8; each additional, $6.50

(Add $2 for postage outside U.S. and Canada)

CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM

THE COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016 MU 3-2042

Enclosed is $.....Send The Commonweal for one year to:

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ **Renewal** ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ **Renewal** ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ **Renewal** ☐

MY NAME IS _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____

Mail Gift Cards: ☐ **to me** ☐ **for me**

12/18/64

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED